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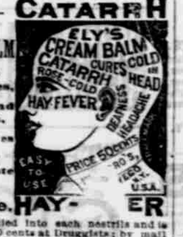

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MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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"I hardly know," I answered. "Her health is not the best, but I should suppose she might be able to come within a year or so. If she only could get over her being banished from Heatherleigh I believe she would be sure to come."

"Oh! whin you go home plead with her for me; tell her that Peggy's heart is just bhreakin' to behold the soight ov her swate self once more. But what was it, me Leddy, that Miriam sent to pur old Peggy for? You have a missage for me."

"Peggy, she wants her portrait from the gallery."

She made no reply for some minutes and I was beginning to think she meant to deny me after all. But presently she turned toward me a face I never shall forget.

"If the young mistress manes to iver coom back, why wud she be afthur havin' the porthrait?" queried she, bracing up. "An' why couldn't she wait until she cooms herself? Seems strange loike to me old head."

Peggy had struck the chord vibrating a false note, and she half distrusted me. True enough, if she intended to come back to Heatherleigh why send me for the picture. The old housekeeper rocked back and

"AND WHY COULDN'T SHE WAIT?" SAID PEGGY.

forth nervously, restlessly, and kept watching me out of the corners of those blue eyes covertly. I must make a random shot if nothing more or Peggy Clarkson would soon begin to believe that I was an impostor.

"Peggy," said I, "it may be that the grief of losing her husband and little innocent son will kill her before she can return. I believe that it is grieving that is killing her anyway, instead of disease. She has the portrait of Arthur and the baby, but has not her own, and doubtless she desires to have them all together. I do not know whether she thinks she will ever be able to return or not. I dreaded always to mention it, and she might not want me to either; she is so sad, Peggy, so sad."

"Och hoon!" wailed Peggy, "an' it's dying she'll be in that far-away country, an' it's me that'll niver set eyes on me darlint ony more, ony more!"

"As long as there is life there is hope, Clarkson," I ventured, cheerfully.

"Oh, yis; but whin there's not much of aythur to depind on its therrible."

"Well, Peggy," I said, hopefully, "when I go home I shall tell her just how you feel; how happy you would be to welcome her back to Heatherleigh, and I verily believe she'll come, for she remembers how you used to love her."

"Arrah! and thin ye can hev the porthrait, ma'am; yis, me Leddy, ye can take the swate, proud face from the gallery, and carry me old weary heart's blissing with it to Miriam."

I presume I never felt so fully relieved in my life; so glad that I might fulfill my promise made on the spur of the moment, and which I had dreaded to carry out ever since I set foot on English soil.

But that was gotten along with. I went over to Peggy and kissed her withered cheek. "Miriam will be so glad, so thankful to you, I know. Her pale face will brighten, I am sure, and you will be glad, too, that you have given her happiness, if only for a day."

"An' it's roight ye are, ma'am; it's roight ye are. Peggy Clarkson wouldn't be mane enuff to wrong the swate lady on the footsthool, not-her. But I do belave the masthur's spirit will be therrible angry if that porthrait laves the Hall," she added, dropping her voice to a whisper and making the sign of the cross on the snowy folds of her vandyke.

"Pooh! I don't believe that Sir Rupert can know anything of it," I said, lightly.

"An' ye niver moinde, ma'am, whin he coms in the midnoight to do pinance, and goes a walkin' an' a walkin' ov the great house, he'll miss the porthrait, or Peggy is a fool."

"Do you really believe that his spirit is here ever?" I asked, earnestly, looking straight into those great, blue eyes.

"I know it, ma'am," she replied with unmistakable emphasis; and I gave in.

"Well, I suppose it is," I said, "Won't you go through the hall with me, Peggy, some night and let me hear him walk? I'd very much like to hear him; indeed, I would."

She looked at me in wild-eyed silence.

CHAPTER XXI.

"An' it's moighty strange what koinde ov folks ye Americans are, ony way. Oi reckon as ye're so indipindint the other soide the wather that ye're not afraid o' the spirits, or the dead, or the divil himself!"

"You are right in that, Peggy; we are not standing in particular fear of any one but God."

"An' Oi rather guess some ov 'em don't stand in quakin' fear o' Him, not by an overly soight."

I could not help smiling at the earnestness of the old housekeeper and the neatness of her shrewd guess as to the facts of the case. But I said: "Well, will you go with me, Peggy, to find Sir Rupert in the central hall some night before I go home?" And she promised me she would.

It happened on a rather sullen, gusty night that Peggy and I chose to investigate the ghost story, or rather, I chose, for Clarkson did not choose, save only for the sake of her promise.

With the recital of Sir Rupert's roaming about the central hall doing penance ringing in my ears and burning in my soul I waited, in company with Peggy and Ancil, in the deep silence for the spirit to "walk."

Clarkson, all in a shiver of fright and excitement, declared that I had taken "the very koinde ov a noight on which the spirit wud be most loikely to give us a fair show."

I drew my wraps about me in the dense shadows, and Clarkson clung to me like a frightened child as we entered the central hall, and our footsteps echoed hollow and strangely as we proceeded.

Had it not been for my overruling desire of experiencing a genuine spirit visit and my morbid love of adventure with the mysterious, I should have given up the project at the outset because of the old housekeeper's increasing timidity. But I could not bring myself to say: "Let us give it up," and so we proceeded.

So crouching low on the lower steps of the great oaken staircase we waited patiently for some demonstration of Sir Rupert. The hall lamps, which had not been lighted since the dead master lay, so cold and rigid, in the adjoining room, were lighted, and, burning low, cast more of gloom than cheerfulness around us. The witching hour approached; the shadows hung heavily folded in the corners, and seemed to cling to the moldering balustrade like dense curtains of crape. Peggy was growing uneasy, and, too nervous to converse, sat shivering on the edge of the steps, white-faced and alert.

Ancil leaned against the polished railing and listened with the air of a martyr.

Doubtless they were both martyrs to a foolish freak, and I, relenting, was on the point of saying "quits," when something arrested my attention. I was conscious of a stealthy movement in the corridor above, and it seemed to me I *felt*, rather than *heard*, the manifestation, if such an expression is allowable. Peggy held her breath, and, putting her finger on her lip, signified: "Silence; listen!"

A sound as of some one walking wearily about with muffled step came to our ears at intervals, and I fancied Sir Rupert was resting between marches. This continued for some time.

Back and forth through the corridor went the weary, painful march of unseen feet, with the moments of rest sandwiched in at regular intervals.

"A very methodical ghost," I said to Peggy. "Hush!" she whispered, and I shut up like a clam.

Then a weary sigh floated down the long staircase, and I felt rather uncomfortable to think the plot was thickening so fast in favor of Sir Rupert.

Surely my theory was in danger already of being exploded by the persistent spirit.

But while we listened the manifestations grew fainter and fainter, as if disgusted with the fruitless tramp, tramp, and the sound of footsteps had died out altogether when the soft, indistinct tread as of some one in their stockinged feet was plainly heard on the landing just above us, and I fancied a sort of murmured whispering seemed very near us.

This was more than Peggy and Ancil had contracted for and their precipitate flight was something wonderful to behold. They rushed from the foot of the staircase across to the side entrance through which we came in; there they paused in the open doorway, Peggy beckoning frantically for me to follow. I followed her, seeing that such a terror had seized them. And in fact I, myself, began to feel "creepy" and imagined I could hear the repentant confession of the hapless old man in my wake.

Pausing at the passage-way, I instantly regained my self-possession and signified my intention of returning to the foot of the staircase. Peggy remonstrated, and finally said that if I "must jine han's with the spirit," why, I must go alone, as she should not return.

"All right, Peggy," I said; "wait for me here, will you?"

"An' faith Oi will if the masthur don't be fur gittin' afthur me too airnestly," she replied, shivering with fear and excitement.

I was in for the whole manifestation, and if I should pause now from some squeamish notion of danger I should always regretmy having done so.

The open passage-way made a very cold draught, connecting the outdoor current of raw night air with the one formed in the stairway, and I felt rather uncomfortable; so wrapping my loose cloak about my chilly form I retraced my steps, and leaning against a column midway of the hall I waited further developments.

"Pshaw!" I said, feeling ashamed of our inglorious retreat, and began taking myself to task, mentally, for so doing, when the indistinct footfalls came on down-stairs. I strained every nerve to catch every sound,

I STRAINED EVERY NERVE TO CATCH THE SOUND.

remembering that Peggy said something about the master's falling to the foot of the stairs.

The lamps burned dimmer, and I was conscious of a presence other than mortal. My heart gave a stifled throb and seemed to stand still, and I found myself foolishly asking: "Where am I?" Presently I saw, or seemed to see, an object moving about in the extreme end of the hall. Slowly and hesitatingly the indistinct shape seemed to be hunting something. The soft footfalls I heard plainly, now again, and my eyes riveted on the moving object of shadowy existence. I followed its constantly-changing positions, now standing, now crouching low, as if weary, with a strange feeling of fascination I am not able to describe.

It seemed to me that I lost my individuality; I was really myself no longer. I felt that I was also a shadow being, like the one I was gazing at so fixedly; a sort of obscure, vapory body, full of life, however, and sympathy. I thought with wonderful rapidity somehow, and felt myself merging into the shadow at the foot of the staircase. It was not Sir Rupert. I had forgotten him; but it was myself—my other self from away off—from the spirit land, and I was weary. The burthen of my thoughts seemed to be such a sad, hopeless questioning. Why for me was there no rest, no repose, when I prided it so much!

There was such a restraint in me, invisible, but such a galling restraint as would drive a mortal man mad to endure. And my situation was plainly mapped out before me, and I knew the replies to every question I might ask before I could ask them.

Oh! what an existence. There was no undoing what I had done, no getting out of this wretched groove of useless regret. Fixioned by an unseen power, I felt that I was doomed to wander forever back and forth the length of my enslaving, invisible chains. Always going and so weary, but never exhausted.

I felt that this was my terrible, endless punishment of soul agony for something which I had done and for which there was now no repentance, and in my deep despair I uttered a low, piteous cry.

The sound of my voice had broken the awful spell which the apparition had thrown over me, and I found myself standing before the door of the fateful drawing-room. How I managed to get there I can not say, as I was not conscious of having made a single step in any direction while in my strange state of sympathetic sorrow, and finally my own soul weariness.

Although I did not remember of having made a move, I had been drawn the half-length of the great central hall by the power of the weird, fascinating object, which faded instantly at my unearthly cry, leaving me my individuality once more.

At this juncture all weariness had left me also, as well as fear, and I was conscious of the fact that the object had gone into the drawing-room, and I felt impelled to follow it. The morbid curiosity was again seizing me and I determined to open the great door. I had forgotten Peggy under the strange influence of this midnight experience, and boldly reached for the key in its brass ring on the wall.

But as I touched the key a cold, icy, shivering sensation went over me, and I stayed my eager hand. The lamps burned brighter now and—and—well, where was I?

A noise behind me caused me to turn quickly and, half alarmed, I noticed that Pegey and Ancil were standing in the passage-way. How very long they have been standing there, I thought; then came the half-awake sensation, and I realized that they were waiting for me.

When they saw me looking at them they called to me to "coom away from there."

At sight of their familiar faces I started and awoke, shaking off the lethal charm, to realize where I really was. As the knowledge came to me, instantly I became terrified, and rushing across the hall fell fainting in Peggy's arms.

When I came to my senses once more I was lying on the low settee in the servants' quarters, and the housekeeper was mopping my forehead alternately with camphor and water, and moaning as if her heart were broken.

I opened my eyes languidly, and looked up at the dear old soul bending over me. A half-frightened exclamation of joy burst from her lips.

"An', me Leddy, an' it's yer own swate self that isn't ded yet. Oi'm glad Oi got ye away from that awful place afore thim spirits kilt ye."

"How long was I in there alone?" I asked, the whole of the sensational experience flashing vividly across my mind.

"Oh! just a minit. Oi thought yer was coming away once from the divilish whusperin's, but ye went roight along a gropin' about like sumthin' stark chrazy, an' not a mindin' a worrud Oi said to yez."

It was evident they had seen nothing, so I kept my uncanny vision to myself. Only a minute, Peggy said, and it seemed to me years. I remembered the awful feeling of helpless despair that had possession of me in that minute, and could not help but think what must be the punishment in the next world if one is allowed such an experience as only an insight. I was sure I had experienced a part of Sir Rupert's punishment, somehow.

I closed my eyes wearily and thought of Dante. Had he such insights as I had experienced? The depths of despair, with just strength enough to endure and never become entirely exhausted, coupled with the desperate knowledge that it was too late! too late! I am fully satisfied with my adventure, and shall hereafter be slow to condemn any plausible ghost-story coming to my ken.

I lay so long with closed eyes and motionless form that the old housekeeper came and bent over me until I felt her breath on my cheek.

"An' she's worried out and gone to slape, she is," murmured she, turning away; but I could not have slept for love nor money. If my repose satisfied Peggy, I felt willing to keep up the feigned sleeping process in order that I might think. I could do that with wonderful distinctness, but as for sleep, it was far from me.

"It's near mornin'," I heard Peggy say. "an' she'll slape full well the rest o' the noight here."

So, suiting her actions to her plans, she covered me with a blanket, pulled a little at the pillow under my head, perhaps to see if I was yet alive, and reckoned to Ancil that they "moight as well go to bed. If they couldn't shut ther oies for the first wink o' slape."

That night's experience left me in a very nervous state, and it was days before I felt, like Richard, myself again. Peggy did not add to my comfort, either, by remarking each morning: "An' how white and 'fraid-lookin' ye are, to be sure."

But, as time settles all things earthly, it settled my nerves at last, and I began to speak of going back to Cousin Gladys' little cottage. Peggy's blank face and hearty demurs kept me several days longer at the Hall than I had intended to stay, however. After all, I am glad now that she kept me, on one pretext and another, as long as she did, for thereby I was enabled to meet a friend of Miriam's and perhaps add to her happiness on my return. And this is how it happened. I was walking in the park alone one morning while Peggy was on household duties intent, when I espied a gentleman walking slowly along a hedge not far from me. Something in his air led me to have gotten into the inclosure without let or, when he looked up and in my direction.

Seeing that I was watching him he came forward, and, removing his hat with exceeding grace, introduced himself as Allan Percival, nephew of the deceased Sir Rupert, and cousin to Miriam Percival Fairfax.

"Did I ever hear of Miriam? Did I know of her voyage to America, and just where she was living now?" were two questions asked almost in a breath. The first one I had scarcely answered by a mere monosyllable when the next came, as if it had been kept waiting for years to make itself known.

I remembered that Miriam had spoken so warmly, eloquently of this Allan Percival that I did not hesitate in talking confidentially to him. Indeed I had thought sometimes when she was speaking of her London visit and his illness that in time to come Allan might find his affection returned. I wondered if I had better tell him she was living with me; then I thought I should walk a moment and let him speak.

"Don't be afraid of me; I knew Miriam went to America, or at least intended to make the voyage some months since," he said, respectfully, in a most musical voice, and with those wonderful eyes bent beseechingly on me. "She intended to go to a place called Bay View to reside with a lady friend," he continued, "in order to get away from sight and sound of this accursed place," and he looked around, while his handsome face grew dark with angry sorrow.

CHAPTER XXII.

"She told me in secret," he said, presently, looking up with a sigh; "but as you seem to know of her whereabouts also, I presume I am not betraying my cousin to stranger or enemy!"

He paused and his look of inquiry melted all the reserve I was trying to muster, so I said: "I may as well tell you, then, seeing you know her plans, that I am that lady friend and that Miriam lives with me at Bay View."

"Oh! at last I have heard directly from her!" he exclaimed, almost beside himself with joy. Then he came forward and gave me his hand and said he was "glad to see Miriam's friend."

I knew that before he spoke, for the gladness was written all over his fine face in happy smiles, unmistakably.

"When are you going back?" he ventured, eyeing the toe of his neatly polished boot, and, doubtless, hoping that I had not read his secret.

"In a few days," I answered; "Miriam sent me to the Hall on an errand, and that is why I am here. I came to visit friends elsewhere. But did you wish to send word to your cousin, or were you contemplating a trip?"

He looked at me for a moment as if my words had put a new idea in his head. Then he said: "If you will wait, madame, I will write a note, providing you will be kind enough to give it her; that is—" and he hesitated, "if she still remembers me?"

I looked at him. How could any one forget that face, I thought. Then I said: "Oh! certainly, she remembers you, Mr. Percival. I have heard her speak of you quite often, and I know she would be glad to get a line from you."

He raised his eyes once more, and a slight flush came over his face which left it almost pallid, while I fancied a soul-mist dimming those glorious eyes. He grew visibly agitated, but calming himself with an effort he said: "If you will please to sit down on this seat and wait for me I will indict a few lines to my cousin Miriam!"

I sat down on the rustic seat, old and moss-grown, while he drew forth pencil and pocket diary from an inner pocket of his coat, and, tearing a leaf from the book, wrote to Miriam.

I watched him with a curious interest. Would Miriam be glad to get this letter? I was sure it would be a letter into whose short length would be crowded the passionate thoughts of years. I believed that Miriam would waken from her morbid, helpless grief after its perusal, and I watched

I WATCHED HIM WITH A CURIOUS INTEREST.

the firm, shapely hand trace words I was positive were of poetic fire with much the same feelings of gladness that one sees a potion prepared which is to give great relief to a suffering friend.

I had made up my mind, and accordingly I thought best not to mention my meeting Allan Percival in the park to Peggy or Ancil. They, to say the least, would be curious, and perhaps might ask questions which I could not answer and do justice to the confidence reposed in me.

So, trusting that they had not seen Allan, I thrust the letter to Miriam in my pocket and entered the house. They had not seen Allan, and I counted myself lucky in escaping all chance of being interrogated, for my visitor of the park had enjoined secrecy upon me in the matter of his identity and his message to Miriam.

Said he: "Keep this meeting here—that is, the identity of the individual you chanced to meet—a profound secret as far as this side the water is concerned. I ventured here because it was my father's home until driven from it," and his eyes took on an angry, agonized gleam which made me shudder in spite of myself. "Ah! here, too, is a Percival," I thought, and the look in his eyes reminded me of Miriam.

"I presume," he began, after a pause, "I ought never to have come here; it fills my soul with hate to look about me and remember my father's story, and also that of Cousin Miriam. But, after all, it is quite lucky for me, because I have met you, her friend, by coming."

His face speedily regained its former pleasant expression and a yearning hope supplanted the dark look of revenge which had so awed me.

"Yes," I replied, "it is a stroke of Providence; you were to meet me and I am to carry your message to your cousin."

"Do you believe in that theory?" he asked, an odd, puzzled look on his face.

"Certainly I do." I answered, "and you will, too, by and by."

"I am almost converted to your doctrine now," he laughed.

Then, after wishing me "bon voyage" and reiterating his desire that Miriam should get the letter from my hands only, he lifted his hat and bade me good-by again and walked away toward what used to be the deer park, but now a rather neglected close.

One morning not long after this decidedly romantic interview in the old, deserted Heatherleigh grounds I found myself ready to leave the Hall.

Peggy, who had either grown tired of coaxing me to prolong my visit or presumed furtiner pressing was useless, which, indeed, would have been, brought Miriam's portrait from the gallery, and, wrapping it carefully, with many a caress and crooning word of endearment, gave it into my care.

I considered this quite a feat—to get possession of a portrait from this old Hall, and showered my unfeigned thanks on Peggy's devoted head in consequence.

"I will do all in my power to get her to return, if only for a year's visit," I promised the two aged servants at my leave-taking, and intend to keep my promise good. Not for worlds would I prove false to those old Irish dwellers at Heatherleigh by not trying to persuade Miriam to come back, if for nothing else than to see them.

Hark! what is that? Oh, it is the tinging-a-ling of the bell for luncheon, and Gladys expects my cousinly presence in the pleasant little breakfast-room shortly.

Cousin Gladys' luncheons are something famous for a suburban cottage, with their delicious cake and fruit arrangement, together with their smattering of cold meats, and flanked with spiced wines.

She is in high glee this week, for we are to take a little run up into the dear old Cotswold hills, Gladys and I, and she is chipper as a bird in consequence.

I shall enjoy the trip, to be sure, but the secret of Allan's letter and the pleasant knowledge of having met him eclipse all the happy anticipation I might feel in a run among the Cotswold hills. I find myself lost in speculation as to what Miriam will do and say when I give Allan's letter into her hands and tell her I met him accidentally—not providentially—at Heatherleigh.

With such weighty secrets in my possession from both sides of the water, no wonder I am beginning to feel myself a person of uncommon importance. And the letter and portrait in my keeping, either of which is worth a ransom to the owner, I presume, make me feel more like an ambassador than simply a guest. It seems to me that my coming to see Gladys has lost its identity—become, as it were, a secondary object or excuse for the grander possibilities.

Ah! here comes Gladys. I expected as much. I have kept her waiting too long for her busy, bustling nature, and she has come to see if I have gone to sleep in this cozy nook or turned a deaf ear to her luncheon bell.

A week later finds me making ready for the return voyage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We have been having an outing, Gladys and I. We have taken that little run up the Thames for which we were booked some time.

Gladys, having some friends in London, and wishing to see them also, we spent a couple of days there. From there we started for the delightful country trip. It would have been more to my liking to have gone in midsummer, but the summer was past, the opportunity had gone by, and the upper Thames had been left until now.

No matter; we found ourselves at the Great Western Paddington station one fine morning, with lunch-hamper in hand. Gladys remembers the lunch item, if nothing else, en route for Taplow.

Away we roll out of the big city and across the quiet peacefulness of a beautiful stretch of country. The fields, however, were unfortunately rather brown and bare, it being too late in the season for field daisies or bright and blooming hedge rows. It seemed to me a kind of solemn, quiet loneliness pervaded the landscape, and I ceased to look from my compartment and shut my eyes to the outside glimpses of the real world, busying myself in delving into the impossible and—perhaps—possible, ideal world of my own.

An hour's ride brought us to our destination by rail.

From Maidenhead we were to go by boat to Marlowe. There a friend meets us, and we go winding away across the country again to Oxford—renowned old Oxford—and from there to a little nook in the hills miles further on; Gladys' old home, you know.

I do not know that I have time to tell you of all the beautiful landscapes, wooded parks, soft, hazy meadow stretches, still green and inviting, and the thousand other lovely visions which will be green in memory for many a long day. But I wish to say that our ride on the Thames from Maidenhead to Marlowe was one round of delightful surprises and enjoyable diversion. There are many picturesque scenes on the banks of this old, much-sung, much-painted river. With its numerous locks, weirs, lovely old mills and hospitable inns, with its picturesque scenery of wooded heights and handsome and ivy-wreathed, ivy-crowned churches and country seats, "old Father Thames" is remembered as a very genial friend.

No wonder the artist raves; no wonder the poet strikes his sweetest, grandest numbers along his banks. No wonder, I say, no wonder!

Oxford being on the flow of the Thames also, I regretted very much that we had not had time to boat it further; but necessity knows no compromise with inclination, and Gladys must go by another route.

Days and days it would have taken us, Gladys said, to have gone up the river to Oxford, and of course it would, when we come to take into consideration the classic windings of the stream.

Well, I am sure I missed a great deal of beauty and loveliness, but it can not be helped now, nor could it have been.

Gladys' old home nestles in a bright little nook among the hills, and a beautiful little country residence it is, situated on the banks of the Thames, but not the great river we left behind us at Marlowe, or Oxford, for instance.

No; a quiet, silvery, unpretentious flow just below the garden, where we stood and watched birds of migration pass over our heads in the gray of the evening light, while the brisk breeze went by and sighed itself to death among the hills.

The house itself is also ivy-wreathed—every thing is ivy-wreathed, or ivy-crowned, it seems to me, in merrie old England—as well as the more pretentious neighboring residences; a low-eaved, many-gabled affair, with solid masonry and heavy wooden shutters. A little, wooded park and an antiquated-looking summer-house at

WHERE WE STOOD AND WATCHED THE BIRDS OF MIGRATION PASS.

the back, where Gladys and I found rich purple clusters hanging invitingly along the rafters of a broken-down trellis belonging thereto.

[*To be Continued.*]

CONVICTS IN SIBERIA.

A Comparison of the Sufferings Endured by Two Classes.

Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery three hundred feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, over-crowded and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious; but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of midwinter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any pariah dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray—the convict who lives night and day under ground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitiless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quicksilver. Such

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 11, 1890.

THE report of the House Committee on the bill to prevent gerrymandering, puts the principle very plainly that no gerrymanders are permissible except those which help keep the Republican party in power.

IT is said that the telegraphs in this country are practically owned by one man, and the railroads by only sixty families. A collective ownership of the means of communication and locomotion is insisted on by the great labor organizations of the country, and quite likely to come as an assured fact within the next generation.

RECENT investigation has shown that the people of Great Britain swallow over 5,000,000 pills daily, or one pill a week for every person in the population. The pill consumption for one year would weigh 178 tons, and would fill 36 freight cars, which it would take two powerful locomotives to pull. Placed in a row the pills would reach nearly 6,500 miles, or from Liverpool to New York and back again.

OF all the British monarchs since the Norman Conquest, upward of eight centuries ago, says the Philadelphia *Record*, James II was the only one who abdicated the throne; and his abandonment of royalty was due to the fear that his liberty and life were in danger. The report that Queen Victoria has determind to bring her long rule to an end may, therefore, be accepted with caution; especially in view of the old lady's reputation for thrift. In fact, her abdication might mix matters up worse than they are now. The health of the Prince of Wales is believed to be precarious, and the assumption of the crown by his callow son would undoubtedly bring dangerous political forces into active existence in Great Britain.

THE ruling low price of grain is plainly to be found in the fact that those countries which, by the aid of steam power have been made neighbors and enabled to carry on trade with each other, are pronucing more grain than can be consumed within their borders, and that everything left as a surplus must of necessity become cheap. Twenty, thirty or forty years ago North America was the only country from which England could supply her own deficency in the matter of grain. At that time it was only necessary for the American agriculturist to know how the harvest in England had turned out in order to fix upon the price of his own productions. At present, however, not only the United States and Canada, but also Southern Russia, Egypt, India, Australia and the Argentine Republic offer their grain to England and also other articles of food, such as beef and mutton, sheep and cattle from Australia and South America have found their way to the markets of the world. The consumers in England and elsewhere derive benefit from this general competition, but to the producer, i. e., the farmer, it is a source of injury, and this to no less an extent in free-trade-inclined England than in protectionally-inclined America. Looking at the problem in this way undoubted free trade is of the greatest advantage to the farmers in the United States, as it will cheapen all articles and implements that he must buy. It will bring into competition at his very door all the markets of the world, and he will not be compelled to pay a high protection duty to a manufacturer in this country only because the goods he must buy are manufactured in the United States.

IN pursuit of their master scheme to pack the Electoral College, the Republican managers says the New York *Star*, have to steer between difficulties. They cannot rely solely upon increasing the number of Presidential Electors by admitting new States. If all their wishes in this respect should be fulfilled, they would still be unable to figure out a safe majority without the vote of New York. They are afraid to risk the result in Utah.

The Ohio proposition to admit Alaska and rely upon the sealskin vote, controlled by the Commercial Company, is too palpably absurd. The other territorial possessions of the United States can scarcely furnish votes enough on a rotten burough system, even if New Mexico and Arizonia be shamelessly deprived of the Statehood conceded to communities inferior in population. It is plain that to insure continued control of the Federal Government by the minority party something must be done about the votes of States already within the Union.

Here the second difficulty is encountered. It will not do to lose control of Congress in an effort to capture the Presidency. To overcome it is the puzzle that the McComas scheme has undertaken to solve. It is proposed to have the gerrymandered districts in the old States remain as they are now, and at the same time increase Congressional representation, and consequently membership of the Electoral College, by adding for increased population in States a number of Congressmen-at-large. In this way, by concentrating Floater Fund resources on close States, whose delegations have been increased, it is hoped to carry enough ot them to give the Republicans the majority of the Presidential Electors. In States safely Republican the advantage of the increase is, of course, reckoend on.

The job of packing the Electoral College is a very difficult one, even for such specialists in "fine work" as Senator Quay and his associates. Nevertheless, they will go on with it with courage, adroitness and confidence, and it is necessary for citizens who believe in the American system of representative government, controlled by a constitutional majority, to watch them closely and expose their tricks incessantly, in order that the force of indignant public sentiment may baffle their cunning scheme.

Tariff Agitation Now and Then.

That many important business interests of the country are profoundly moved by the menace of the McKinley bill is patent to the most careless observers. Petitions and memorials protesting against leading features of the measure are ponring upon Congress in every mail, and it is evident that a tyrannical application of party discipline to refractory members alone could secure its passage. Republican Representatives in the manufacturing centres of the country cannot close their eyes to the fact that the bill seriously threatens some of the leading industries of their constituents.

When the Mills Tariff bill was under consideration two years ago the Republican orators and organs made all the circumambient air resound with their outcries against tariff agitation. The wicked free traders were denounced in unmeasured terms for wantonly and mischievously disturbing the great manufacturing industries of the country when quiet was necessary for their prosperity. Of course, in the agitation of Tariff Reform a certain degree of business disturbance was unavoidable. But in view of the certain and permanent improvement of industrial conditions by a reform of the tariff the Democrats in Congress were not deterred from grapling with the question by fear of a transient derangement of a few departments of trade.

Yet the reproach which was then made against the Democratic party, in all forms of partisan exaggeration, may now be brought against the Republicans in Congress with the most complete justice. For eighteen years the great tanning and leather manufacturing industries of the country, employing many thousands of men and many millions of capital, reposed in the confident belief that their business would be no further disturbed by tariff legislation. In the enjoyment of a large export trade, affording a sure market for their surplus products, they sought no increase of protection. They asked only to be let alone. But in the midst of their prosperity these industries have been startled by the proposition in the McKinley bill to impose a duty on their raw materials, thus threatening their domestic and foreign trade with confusion and disaster.

So with the great carpet industries. The carpet manufacturers have not asked for an increase of the present duties, under which but a small quantity of foreign carpets have been imported. Although the duty on their raw material is extremely burdensome, many of them have been willing to bear it rather than that the ordinary course of their business should become deranged. But the carpet manufacturers have been aroused from their repose by a threatened increase of forty per cent. in the duty on their raw material. Upon the industries that have been created for canning meats, fruits and vegetables is to be inflicted the penalty of a double duty on tin-plate for the purpose of calling into being a manufacturing monopoly. In order to silence clamor against oppression in one direction a bait is offered to greed in another; and to this end the silk schedule is to be completely deranged, although the great body of silk manufacturers are content with the existing rates. In addition to the increased duties on wool, it is proposed that the the rates on chemicals and dyestuffs shall be raised or changed, to the further embarrassment of textile industries. Specific duties are to be changed to ad valorem and ad valorem to specific, and in many instances it is proposed that both shall be compounded; which would cause inextricable confusion and innumerable lawsuits.

If all this be be not a wanton disturbance of industry and trade, what else is it? It is hardly possible that such a monstrosity should become a law. Should it be passed, however, in spite of the tremendous opposition it has encountered in New England and elsewhere, it would give an impetus to such an agitation for Tariff Reform as the country has never yet witnessed. And whether passed or not, the Republican party must be held responsible for the malignant and wanton attack which is made upon numerous and important American industries by the McKinley Tariff bill.—*Phila. Record.*

Look Out for Quacks!

If the farmers of the country do not see through the wonderful zeal in their behalf by numbers of men who are not farmers themselves, but have political schemes of their own, we shall be greatly disappointed. That the farmers as a class have fallen upon bad times, not in one State, but all, not in the United States alone, but in foreign countries as well, is entirely true. Lands have declined in value; so have products, of which they are too many. There has been over production, and the producers for the moment cannot help themselves. Fortunately, however, it is a disease that contains the elements of its own cure, and the farmers as a class do not need the advice of politicians who are attempting to climb on their backs to reach what does not belong to them, and which they can obtain by no legitimate arguments. We see nothing which the farmers stand in need of so much as the caution that will keep them out of wild-cat organizations under the title of "Farmers' Alliances," "Agricultural Leagues" and so on. What is wanted is the exercise of intelligence as to demand and supply,—the central fact being that as grain growers they have grown more than for which there is a demand. There is no salve in the wide world that will cure such a complaint. None is needed. Growing only so much and just what there is a demand for is the only cure. Look out for quacks!

There are States where the case is different and where farmer's organizations, as in a number of Southern States, are the only means the farmers have for obtaining their rights. There the matter is not that too much, but too little—some times nothing at all—has been produced, wherewith to pay taxes. There farmers' organizations are the means of salvation. The distinction should be observed.—*Pittsburg Times.*

LONDON, April 6.—For some time extraordinary rumors have reached Candes about the conduct of the exiled Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro. It appears that for some weeks his actions have been strange enough to warrant grave fears as to the sanity of this much tried monarch. It has been noticed ever since the death of the Empress that Dom Pedro has not been what he was formerly. Once a very cheerful man, he has suddenly become very silent has avoided company, and is sometimes many days without leaving his room. It is only of late that his conduct has caused anxiety among his friends. They say he is constantly breaking into fits of violent passion for the most trivial causes. These outbreaks are followed by fits of terrible depression. when he is seen wandering about his apartments, moaning and crying like a child.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at E. Jane's, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto.

Tax Reform Advocates.

There is now a calm in partisan politics, but the discussion of the crushing taxes which are crippling or bankrupting many of our industries, including both farmers and manufacturers, is progressing among the people with ceasless energy and resistless persuasion.

The foremost tax reform campaigner now in the field is the Sheriff. He is most impressive in the mute eloquence of writs for debt, writs of execution and notices of foreclosure of farm mortgages, and thus far his arguments have been unanswered by the no longer even plausible promises of protection.

The farmer finds it no answer to the Sheriff's persuasive writ that the tariff tax is to be increased on corn for his protection, when the Western farmer is burning his corn for fuel because he has no market for it. Nor does it answer the Sheriff's writ or the grim command of the farm mortgage, to tell the farmer that a tax has been levied on butter for his protection, when he understands that we export five times as much butter as we import; or that the tax has been increased on hops, when he knows that we export one-third the hops we grow; or that a tax has been levied on eggs, when the whole import of eggs is not five per cent, of the consumption; or that a tax has been put upon hides as contracted for by the Cattle Trust, when the only result to the farmer would be increased cost of shoes, harness, belting, etc.

The campaign of the Sheriff, of the assignee, and of the farm mortgage has been in most active progress this spring, not only among the farmers of Pennsylvania, but also among the farmers of New England, the West and the South, and within one week the Republican cities of Chicago and Milwaukee and the Republican State of Rhode Island have voted Democratic to emphasize the hunger-cry of the people for relief from crushing taxes on the necessaries of industries and of life.

There are other most impressive tax reform campaigners now steadily at work, and working most effectively, in the various assemblies of creditors of our industries which have been bankrupted by wicked and needless taxes. Nearly seventy such assemblies have gathered in this city to see and feel the ruin wrought by wanton taxes on the raw materials of our woolen industries alone, and the aggregate loss of creditors foots way up in the millions. The arguments of facts and figures presented at these meetings of losing creditors are simply unaswerable, and the tax reform campaign is thus progressing most successfully from day to day.

Now is the time for study and argument on tax reform. It is a plain, practical business problem that applies to all classes and conditions, and it should be carefully considered when there is no partisan strife to cloud the judgment. The tax reform advocates are now doing their work most impressively and it will bear speedy and bountiful fruit.—*Phila. Times.*

The Iowa Republicans.

After experimenting seven years the Iowa Republicans confess Prohibition a failure in that State. The more honest Republicans go further. They assert that the half-hearted measures the party adopted have worked irreparable damage to them in Iowa. They began with sweeping enactments in 1888, and ever since have been juggling with the voters in districts largely made up of Germans, who were opposed to and resented the restrictive provisions of the law. The operations of the law in many agricultural districts have been satisfactory to the people and to the inhabitants of small towns, but in the cities and the larger towns it is now admitted that the law have never been enforced, and as a whole Prohibition in Iowo is a failure.

All the genius of the Republican leaders has failed utterly to secure the degree of acquiescence essential to the permanency of the enactments relied upon to meet the demands of the temperance people. The proportion of Republicans who have resolved to abandon extreme ground, and who are seeking middle ground and more secure footing, is sufficently large to indicate a rupture unless their counsels prevail. Such seems to be the complexion of affairs in Iowa to day.

The telegraph brings us the appeal which the executive committee appointed by the anti-Prohibition Republican conference makes to the legislature of Iowa. One sentence sounds so pathetic that we are tempted to reproduce it: "The party has already lost its magnificent majority solely on account of its attitude toward prohibition." No words of ours can add to this, which is supplemented with the mournful confession that "the defection goes on every day."

The anti-Prohibitionists in Iowa are reckoned at from 60,000 to 80,000. The conference at DesMoines, where the petition we have quoted was drawn up, was called for the purpose of devising measures for the preservation of the Republican party and the maintenance of Republican rule. For one word in the petition that is inspired by the spirit of temperance two reveal the dread of the dangers that threaten the Republican party.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Opposition to Delamater.

Senator Quay has returned from Florida to find the grand old party in Pennsylvania very much disorganized, and in the seclusion of his Beaver home, whither he has gone, it is not at all improbable he will give the matter his serious consideration. He doubtless knows by this time that the opposition to Delamater is too strong in its character for him to ignore, and it will be surprising, indeed, if he, in the face of this opposition, forces the senator from Crawford on the gubernatorial ticket. The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Chronicle-Telegraph* is authority for the statement that Quay is not at all pleased at the manner in which Chairman Andrews, of the State Committee, has managed affairs. He says:

"Quay denounced the Cambria steal as stupid and unnecessary, and declared that the elections by County Committees in Elk and Fulton counties was about as bad. Instead of encouraging Andrews and Delamater, Quay intimated very strongly that he was about ready to leave them and go over to somebody else. This talk was based on first impressions only. After being in Philadelphia a day or two Quay became more savage. From all sides came bad news as to the outlook in the State." If this be true Delamater's gubernatorial bark will never reach the haven to which it is being steered. There are breakers ahead, and no mistake.—*Harrisburg. Patriot.*

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H Morris, Newark Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Samples bottles free at E. Jame's, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

THE new extradition treaty between this country and Canada, went into effect on April 4th.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Some one of a party of men in the woods at Cummings Hill, near New Bedford, Mass., on Sunday, dropped a lighted cigar, setting the underbrush on fire. Before it was stopped over a mile of territory was burned.

—The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like $700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.

—The North Pole may at length be reached and all on account of a pair of trousers—oil skin ones—which were on board the ill-fated Jeannette. The garment is said to have been found on the coast of Greenland, showing that on their journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the breeches must have passed the pole, carried that way by a current.

—The body of Joseph H. Jacobs, Jr., son of a wealthy citizen of Hamilton, Ohio, was found on Sunday morning on the hydraulic reservoir. He has been missing since March 18. His skull was crushed in and his face was disfigured. Every evidence exists of foul play. There is much excitement on account of the prominence of his family. This is the third case of the kind in the city within the last month.

—Orwell T. Knox and Milwarde Coole, two lawyers, became involved in a quarrel on the streets of Kansas City, Mo., on Sunday afternoon regarding their professional merits and talents. Coole called Knox something worse than a poor attorney, and a scrimmage ensued in which Knox used his pocket knife on Coole's face, where the knife made twelve wounds. Knox was arrested. Coole is not seriously injured.

—A citizen of Calhoun county, Ill., boasts that there is not a railroad, a telegraph, an express office or bank in his county. The county jail has not had a criminal inmate within the last five years. The grand jury of the county has found only three indictments within the last two years, and these were against persons who had illegally sold liquor. The county has only two terms of court a year, and a term never lasts over three days.

—When Rev. Mrs. Thomas Cefton, of Kansas City, Mo., returned home from church on Sunday last she found her daughter, one year old, hanging by the neck from a hammock. The hammock had been stretched by the side of the bed in which the nurse had left her asleep. It is supposed that the little one attempted to crawl on the hammock, and in doing so its head slipped between two of the strands and it was choked to death.

—A singular suicide was committed in Columbiana county, Ark., Friday. A young man named McNeil went hunting, carrying with him a double-barreled gun. At an isolated point in the woods he tied his body to a small tree with a rope, and having placed his gun on the ground in front of him, he fired both barrels, blowing his head entirely off. A note was found in his pocket saying the deed was promted solely by a desire to explore the great hereafter.

—George Moore, a drunken tramp, went to the lower office in the Pennsylvania yard in Sunbury on Friday afternoon and became abusive to the men. One of the engineers, Martin Straff, of Sunbury, notified him not to go into the office. He started in, however, and Straff struck him with his open hand. Moore fell over and died in a few minutes. The doctors pronounce his death caused by heart disease, brought on by drinking. Moore is from Columbia, Lancaster county.

—Elon Booth, a miserly bachelor, who died at Newton, Conn., could not bear the idea of leaving his wealth behind him, but when he found that he was obliged to do so he willed the property so that no one can spend it for fourteen years. At the end of this time it will go to his brother's grandchildren. The estate is valued at $100,000. Booth once walked from New York to Newton to save the dollar for passage, and during his entire lifetime denied himself everything but actual necessaries in order to accumulate a fortune.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Clapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Don't Say

there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

FINANANCIAL STATEMENT OF ROAD Department of Dean Township, for the year ending March 10, 1890:

MICHAEL NAGLE, Supervisor.

DR.

To amt. of duplicate	$ 183 67	
To cash, unsealed land tax and tavern license of D. Brown	195 33	
To amt. cash tax	51 00	
To scoop, plow and 2 hammers	10 00	
		$440 00
CR.		
By work done on roads	$ 100 60	
By exonerations	23 63	
By amount returned to County Commissioners	20 91	
By scoop, plow and 2 hammers	10 00	
By personal services 37 days at $1.50	55 50	
By plow beam and expenses to Ebensburg	4 72	
By cash paid for work on roads	59 56	
By attending settlement and oath	1 25	$276 47
Balance due township		$163 53

DAVID BROWN, Supervisor.

DR.

To amt of duplicate	$ 194 90	
To scoop, plow and hammers	13 00	
To cash, unseated land tax	319 16	
To cash, tavern license	71 25	
To cash tax	59 72	
		$657 43
CR.		
By work on roads	$ 96 98	
By scoop, plow and hammers	13 00	
By cash paid Michael Nagle, Supervisor, one-half unseated land tax and tavern license	195 33	
By exoncrations	11 39	
By orders redeemed	101 63	
By cash for work on roads	61 87	
By cash for work on Condron bridge	83 87	
By expenses to Ebensburg	1 82	
By one day with team	2 50	
By shovel, pick handles, etc	1 45	
By percentage for collecting $54.67 at 5 per cent	2 73	
By personal services 33 days at $1.50	49 50	
By attending settlement and oath	1 25	$622 46
Balance due township		$ 33 97

We the unsecrigned auditors of Dean township do certify that the above statement is correct.

WM. HILDEBRAND, } Auditors.
AL. BEERS. }

Attest: JOHN DAWLEY, Clerk.
March 28, 1890.-4t.

Pianos-Organs.

The improved method of fastening strings of Pianos, invented by us, is one of the most important improvements ever made, making the instrument more richly musical in tone, more durable, and less liable to get out of tune.

Both the Mason & Hamlin Organs and Pianos excel chiefly in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument, quality of tone. Other things, though important are much less so than this. An instrument with unmusical tones cannot be good. Illustrated catalogues of new styles, introduced this season, sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN
Organ and Piano Co.,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Political Announcements.

Cards in this column will be inserted from now until the primary elections, on the 7th of June, next, at the following rates: For Assembly, $5.00; For Treasurer, $5.00; For Commissioner, $5.00; For Auditor, $2.00. All cards must be accompanied by the cash.

FOR MASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
JOHN E. McKENZIE.
Chest Springs, April 1, 1890.

ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of Member of the Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
Gallitzin, March 1, 1890. M. FITZHARRIS.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—Ed. T. McNeelis, of Johnstown, Pa., subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
Johnstown, Feb. 2c. 1890.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
JACOB ZIMMERMAN.
Johnstown, Feb. 25, 1890.

LEGISLATURE.—I will be a candidate for the nomination of Assembly at the Democratic primaries on June 7 h, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
JOHN E. STRAYER.
West Taylor township, February 25, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the next Democratic primary election, subject to the rules of the Democratic party. P. BOYLE.
Fifteenth ward, Johnstown, March 29, 1890.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of County Treasurer, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
CHARLES HOFMANN.
Johnstown, March 24, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.
PHILLIP J. SANDERS.
Munster township, Feb. 27, 1889.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the next Democratic primary election, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
HENRY J. HOFFEL.
Barr township, Feb. 10, 1890.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.
C. J. MAYER.
Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
PATRICK O'DOWD.
Tunnelhill, April 2, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN CAMPBELL.
Johnstown, March 17, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN KIRBY.
Johnstown, March 10, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
W. A. LANTZY.
Upper Yoder township, March 3, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN BEARER.
Susquehanna township, Feb. 24, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
PATRICK E. DILLON.
Elder township, Feo. 22, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.
Cambria township, Feb. 18, 1890.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOSEPH HIPPS.
Chest township, March 17, 1890.

ARGUMENT LIST.—APRIL 14, 1890.

Miller's Ex'rs	vs. McGlade et al.
Deemer & Co.	vs. Guyer.
Young	vs. Johnson S. St. R. Co
Meschgat	vs. Wagoner.
Maehlhauser, Admr	vs. Walters et al.
Thompson	vs. Donahoe.
Same	vs. Same.
Lavenry, et al	vs. Saylor.
Barnhart	vs. Bowman.
Snavely	vs. Johnstown L'br Co.
Brinker	vs. Parrish.
Road in Elder Township.	
Frohnheiser	vs. Riddell et al.
Road in Adams and Conemaugh Township.	
Cook	vs. Stutzman.
Pickworth	vs. Same.
Rengele	vs. Schmidt.
Cook	vs. Brown et al.
Benford	vs. Donahoe.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Coogan	vs. Noel.
Commonwealth	vs. Lainz.
Poor Directors	vs. Baker.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
Use Price Davis	vs. McGlade.
Guyer	vs. Flynn et al.
Road in Chest Township.	
Road in Gallitzin Township.	
Road in Clearfield Township.	
Private road in Reade Township.	
Road in Upper Yoder Township.	
Rule on Wm. Cook, Assignee.	
Shoemaker	vs. Ford.
Equitable B. & L. Assn's. Shiffler	
Carroll	vs. Saxman et al.
Rule on F. G. Patterson, Esq.	
Hershberger	vs. Hershberger.
Exceptions to opening street in Lilly Borough.	
Private road in Allegheny Township.	

JAS. C DARBY, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, March 31, 1890.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, on MONDAY, the 2nd day of JUNE, A. D., 1890, by the undersigned residents and freeholders of the incorporation of the Borough of Portage, of the several lots and out lots now lying and being in the township of Portage, Cambria county and State of Pennsylvania, and the same being bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron bridge, south 51 degrees and 30 minutes, west one thousand five hundred and seventy feet to a post; thence south 34 degrees, west nine hundred and sixty-nine feet to a post; thence south 31 degrees and 30 minutes west, crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad eight hundred and ninety-two feet to a post; thence south 28 degrees and 30 minutes west, crossing township road six hundred and ninety two feet to a post; thence south 66 degrees, east two thousand eight hundred and thirty-four feet to a post; thence north 87 degrees east, crossing twp. road eight hundred and ninety six feet to a post; thence north 63 degrees and 30 minutes east eight hundred and ninety-one feet to a post; thence north 12 degrees east, crossing township road nine hundred and eight feet to a post; thence north 17 degrees east eight hundred and eighty-three feet to a post; thence north 14 degrees 30 minutes east, crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad, two thousand and seventy-five feet to a post; old Portage Railroad; thence by the same south 69½ degrees west five hundred and fifty-nine and four-tenths perches to a post; thence south 88½ degrees west four hundred and one feet to a post; continuing by the same north 86 degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a post; continuing by the same north 61 degrees and 15 minutes west, one thousand five hundred and five feet to the place of beginning.

O. L. Pringle, P. McGough, Joseph McGough, D. W. Maglin, J. Troxell, Peter Seymour, J. P. Grodine, Frank Diehl, W. F. Rothenschlag, W. E. Mulhollen, J. M. Woleslagle, Dolph Shaffer, Edward Hughes, J. T. Mears, John Wath, John Seymore, T. M. Pringle, E. Border, Caleb Plummer, Andrew Smith, Charles Cullen, P. H. Burkett, Frank Lauffs, G. R. R. Croke, James Elcher, Adam Moyer, H. D. Border, F. D. Boland, Lealon Dimond, Ignatius Flemes, J. Stricker, M. D., E. McGlade, Austin T. Crum, J. H. Fisher, Jack Neese, Wm. McPherson, John Comey, Albert Diehl, Philip Dimond, Harry Mears, George W. Burk, Charles L. McKinnie, P. H. Farren, W. J. Jones, Albert Wilson, J. J. McDonald, Joseph Hopfer, Joseph Lauffer, C. Fleck, Sam. Mears, James M. Burk, Wm. R. James, W. S. Shaffer, Charles S. Mears, Martin O. Heil, William Wilson, Joseph Farren.

E. G. KERR,
Solicitor for Incorporation.
March 28, 1890.-4t.

ARGUMENT LIST.—The following cases will be presented for Argument at Argument Court, APRIL 14, 1890:

1. Estate of Peter Burns, deceased. Citation against Joseph Burns, administrator, to answer petition of Mrs. F. Smith, for his discharge.

2. Estate of Casper Diamond, dec'd. In the matter of the report of Jacob Zimmerman, Auditor in said estate.

3. Proceedings for Specific Performance in estate of Levi Ream, deceased. Rule to show cause why attachment should not issue for costs.

4. Petition for subrogation in estate of Jacob Layton, deceased.

5. Citation of G. W. Vincent, deceased. In the matter of the petition of D. F. Myers, administrator and Tandems, Lamps, Bells and Sundries. Send for large Illustrated Catalogue to J. A. Johnston, 706 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

6. In Re. exceptions to the report of Hon. James Potts, auditor appointed to distribute the funds in the hands of Henry Walters, deceased.

7. Citation against Joseph McGough, administrator of Jesse McGough, deceased.

8. In the matter of the exceptions filed to the proceedings in partition in the estate of Peter Burns, late of Gallitzin Borough, deceased.

9. In the matter of the rule upon David D. Gouchnour, administrator C. T. A. of Henry Gouchnour, deceased, to show cause why a decree should not be made for the payment of legacies to the Castner heirs, etc.

10. In the matter of the exceptions filed to the report of the auditor making distribution of the money in the hands of David R. Edwards, administrator of Catharine Gittings, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Clerk.
April 4, 1890.-2t.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactory and collections a specialty. 10-14.-tf

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Ve colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different s Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Ham Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPO

SILKS!

If you want a handsome, wearable Silk Dress for Spring and Summer, buy the material of us. Samples cheerfully furnished upon request.

SURAHS.

COLORED:

19 inch at 50c a yard.
19 inch at 65c a yard.
20 inch at 75c a yard.
24 inch Standard at $1.00.
24 inch at $1.20.

BLACK:

19 inch at 50 cents.
21 inch at 75 cents.
26 inch at 75 cents.
25 inch at 85 cents.
23 inch at $1.00.
25 inch at $1.00.
14 inch at $1.20.

These are the leaders—selected from dozens of grades of Surahs. Also, Gros Grains, Failles, Armures, etc., etc., colored and black, the best values we ever offered.

DRESS GOODS.

Our complete new Spring stock is now complete. This means the grandest array of beautiful goods shown in this country. Goods and prices are all on the buyer's side of the bargain.
Send for samples.

CURTAINS.

Complete new Spring Stock. Write for Curtain Circular.

Our 1890 Spring Catalogue will be ready in March. Send your name and you will receive it.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,

609-521 PENN AVE.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK.
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.

THRESHING MACHINES
A SPECIALTY.
Simplest, Most Durable, Economical and perfect in use-wastes no grain; cleans it ready for market.
THRESHING ENGINES and HORSE POWERS.
Saw Mills, Shingle Machines, Hay Presses, and Standard Implements generally.
A. B. FARQUAR CO. Limited,
Send for Illustrated Catalogue. | Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, YORK, PA.
Feb. 21, 1890.-3m.

400 Acres. 37th Year.
SALESMEN WANTED.

To represent one of the largest NURSERIES in the country. We guarantee satisfaction to all customers. No previous experience necessary. Salary and expenses from start. Address, stating age, HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Ave. Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
March 28, 1890.-4t.

PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; Intense itching and stinging; most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, protrude, bleed often, become very sore, ulcerate, and in most cases remove pain. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Swayne's Ointment is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cts. a box; 3 boxes, $1.25. Address letter, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.
ITCHING PILES.
SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT
ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Sores, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts., 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

ONE POUND
PEOPLE'S AND HORSE CATTLE POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

BICYCLES
at all prices, from $35.00 to $125.00. Tricycles and Tandems, Lamps, Bells and Sundries. Send for large Illustrated Catalogue to J. A. Johnston, 706 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
FISHING TACKLE ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.
Send stamp for Illustrated Price List. GunWorks, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED—AGENTS
TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR OUR
TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, &c.
STEADY WORK
For Honest, Industrious Men.
Salary & Expenses, or Commission if preferred.
We grow a full line of varieties adapted to Pennsylvania.
The Business Quickly Learned.
Write immediately for terms.
OUR HOME OFFICE. R. C. CHASE & CO., PHILA., PA.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELE
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Cloc
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instrume
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Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockfor
WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watch
In Key and Stem Winders.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL
of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpa
Come and see for yourself before yo
buy elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
CARL RIVIN
bensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - APRIL 11, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Altoona is to have an illustrated weekly paper.

—The public schools of Ebensburg closed on Thursday.

—A ball was held in the Opera House on Monday evening.

—Mr. Peter Robine, of Lilly, was a welcome visitor on Tuesday.

—The hanging of Carter occurred on Sheriff Stineman's birthday.

—Poor Director Raphael Hite, paid this office a short visit on Monday.

—Caron Leahey, Esq., a prominent coal merchant of Lilly's, paid us a pleasant call on Monday.

—During the year ending March, 1890, 1,158 arrests were made by the Johnstown police force.

—Mr. D. M. Chute and family who have been in Maine for the past year returned to this place on Saturday.

—Ten members of the Gallitzin Water Company have subscribed $1,000 each for the construction of the plant.

—Miss Julia Lemmon, who has been in Philadelphia for the past two months, returned home on Tuesday evening.

—On Tuesday night Ebensburg was visited by a very heavy hail storm. A number of our citizens were badly frightened.

—Messrs. W. R. Thompson, W. W. Evans, Ed. Linton, and Thomas Kerr, of Johnstown, spent Sunday in Ebensburg.

—Judge Johnston issued a request to the hotels in Ebensburg, to close their bars on Wednesday. The request was complied with.

—Mrs. Henry Byrnes, of the East ward, fell on the icy pavement one day last week and was severely injured. She is slowly improving.

—Don't forget to attend the closing exercises of the Ebensburg High school at the Opera House, this (Friday) evening. Tickets on sale at James' Drug Store.

—The remains of John Fulman, the Hungarian who committed suicide in the jail on Tuesday, were interred in the Almshouse cemetery at half past six the same evening.

—Mr. William Kimball, of the firm of Brown & Kimball, liverymen, of this place, was attacked with pneumonia, on Sunday evening last, and is at present confined to the house.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—A movement is on foot in Altoona to erect a monument to the memory of the late Bishop Tuigg. $1 100 dollars has already been contributed without any solicitation whatever.

—Col. J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, well-known in this place, recently took unto himself a young wife in the person of a Miss Wagner, daughter of one of the leading merchants of Bellefonte.

—Mr. George Ables, of Carroll township, passed through this place on Monday on his way to Wisconsin. He will visit a number of other States in the West and may settle permanently in one of them.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Mr. William Richardson, Jr., who has been a fireman on the Pennsylvania Railroad for some time past, was in town on Sunday. He recently passed a creditable examination for a position as an engineer.

—The store of Mr. Milton Jones, of this place, was broken into on Tuesday night and some small articles, consisting of tobacco and cigars, taken. The entrance was effected by breaking the lock on the front door.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad company has issued orders forbidding newsboys to sell anything but newspapers, books and periodicals on trains. Neither are they allowed to place these articles on the laps of passengers.

—The immense rainfall on Tuesday night raised the water running down Mary Ann street so high that it cut across the lot of Mr. John Kirschner, washed out his iron fence and floated off the side walk into the middle of the street.

—A very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented by which the hands of a clock set to a certain hour are made to complete an electric current connected with the kitchen stove so that the fire is started when the given hour arrives.

—Hon. R. L. Johnston, accompanied by Miss Irene Glass and Miss Mary Scanlan, left this place on Monday for Johnstown; from which place they will go to Baltimore. They will also visit Emmitsburg, where the Judge's son, Bert, is attending school.

—In order to save space this week, unimportant parts in the letter of Charles Carter have been omitted. The part omitted refers to his good treatment while in jail on the part of the officials connected with that institution, which is a fact well known to every one.

—Johnstown had a big time on Monday last putting on her city clothes. At ten o'clock Judge Johnston administered the oath of office to Mayor elect Rose and other officials and Johnstown and the neighboring boroughs were transformed into a city. A drenching rain marred the the proceedings to a great extent and prevented a great many people from being present.

—The trouble at the Gallitzin Coal and Coke Company's mines has been settled for the present, the miners having gone back on condition that the "iron man" be laid aside until Mr. Mitchell is able to be around when the matter will be arbitrated. The "iron man" is a machine used for digging coal. Superintendent Mitchell is still confined to his room with the injuries he lately received.

—Hereafter the Pennsylvania railroad will have no cabooses, but trainmen will travel in "cabin cars." The cabin car is a new style and holds all conveniences of any ordinary boarding house. It is 34 feet long, rests on two four-wheel trucks, and the trainman can go to the top of his train without climbing up the sides or ends. Large orders for these cars have been placed in the Pennsylvania shops for these cars.

—The man who does not advertise must expect his partonage from passers-by alone. His business is known to about as many people as a weathervane in a wilderness. A buyer may drop in occasionally, but the great mass of money spenders pass him by and flock to the stores that advertise. When a person wants to buy anything he no longer rushes into the first store at hand and get it, nor does he spend a day in running up and down the streets looking for the place. The would-be purchaser picks up a paper and carefully reads the advertisements and selects from them the firm or firms which offer the best inducements. This saves time and money.

—Geo. Akers, city editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, represented that paper at the execution of Carter.

—Carter smoked eighteen cigars on Monday. On Tuesday he smoked all day but did not keep the count.

—Our paper is put to press one day earlier than usual in order to give our readers the account of Carter's execution.

—Conrad Meyer, whose wife and family reside at Summerhill, was found dead in bed in Troxell's hotel in Johnstown, on Tuesday. He was about sixty-five years of age.

—The rains of Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, have raised the waters very high and the general impression prevails that Johnstown will be in danger of being submerged.

—Despite the pouring rain which continued incessantly from 10 o'clock, on Tuesday night until the hour for Carter's execution, quite a number of people were seen on our streets, attracted here by the execution.

—On Monday morning for the purpose of washing his wagon, which he expected to use in the parade, William Malin, driver for Pike & Miller, the Franklin street tinners, drove into the Stonycreek river at the old fording on the Kernville side. There were in the wagon, besides the driver, Albert, son of Postmaster Baumer and a son of Chas. O. Wilson. The current was swift and the whole party was carried—horse, wagon and all—against a pier of the bridge. All were dumped out,—but the driver got them in again. A second upset caused them to desert the wagon, one of the boys striking for each shore. They were helped out, Wilson by a stranger named Connelly and Baumer by Malin. The horse and wagon went down stream, and the horse was drowned. The harness and wagon were secured and went in the parade as was intended.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Suicide in Jail.

John Fulman, a Hungarian, who had been working in the neighborhood of Bens Creek, was brought to jail on Sunday last for safe keeping, being at times violently insane. On Monday he talked to himself all day in his native language, but as there was no one about the jail that could understand him it was not known on what subject he was talking. Towards evening he became very violent and Warden Young found it necessary to put the handcuffs on him to prevent him from tearing off his clothes. On Tuesday morning Warden Young seeing that the handcuffs were hurting his wrists he took them off with the intention of leaving them off in day time and putting them on again at night. Shortly before noon Harry George went to the cell, which is on the upper tier, opposite the cell of Carter, and found Fulman hanging to the door. He called for some one to bring him a knife, which was immediately done and Fulman cut down. He was still warm, but life was extinct. A physician was summoned and the body was rubbed for some time with the hope of resuitation but without avail. Fulman had taken his leather waist belt and securing it to one of the upper bars of his cell door fastened it around his neck and let himself drop. Death resulted from strangulation.

Death of a Prominent Citizen of Lilly.

LILLY, PA., April 2, 1890.

Editor Freeman.—It is with sincere regret that this community is called upon to mourn the death of one of our most respectable citizens, in the person of Mr. Gephart Bender, in the fifty eighth year of his age, which occurred on Saturday, March 29th at 7:30 o'clock A. M. Deceased was a native of Germany and came to America in 1850, locating in this place. He was a shoemaker by trade, and during the intervening years of his life worked constantly at his occupation with the exception of about a year. He served as a private in the late rebellion in Co. 'A, 55th P. V's. As a soldier he was brave, and through many kind acts won the hearts of his comrades. At the close of the war he married Miss Mary Sill, of Allegheny township, this county, and as the result of this union was born to them eight children, two of whom are dead; the survivors are William, Mary, Basil, Gephart and Maggie Catharine the wife of Andrew Boley. The remains were followed to the Catholic church at this place by a large concourse of mourning relatives and sorrowing friends, when, after appropriate services by Rev. Father Walsh, the remains were borne to the beautiful Catholic cemetery that overlooks the town, and after services conducted by the Grand Army Post (of which he was a member) all that was mortal of a loving husband, a kind father, a good Catholic and citizen and an uncompromising Democrat was laid to rest in peace. Q

[The above was received too late last week for publication.—ED]

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, April 9, 1890:

Julia Beshopp and Amelia Moshgot, Johnstown.

George Gulgas and Elizabeth Sinco, Johnstown.

James C. Heiman, Gallitzin, and Mary C. Landis, Blair county.

Stephen Koad and Watzi Wratzki, Millville.

James Thomas, Millville, and Mary S. McGough, Stonycreek township.

Edward G. King and Annie E. Brazill, Johnstown.

Fred. Idenback, Brownstown, and Maggie Rudisill, Franklin.

Clark J. Thomas, Carrolltown, and Sylvania C. Dishart Carroll township.

Thomas Spissa, Brownstown, and Anna Bassy, Johnstown.

A Century

of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

By the Rope Route.

History of the Crime—The Scaffold—The Execution—Carter's Life—His Side of the Story—Former Executions.

Charles Carter, on Wednesday, paid the penalty of his crime, that of the murder of John Matthews, at Johnstown, on the night of November 6th, 1889. The history of the murder is as follows:

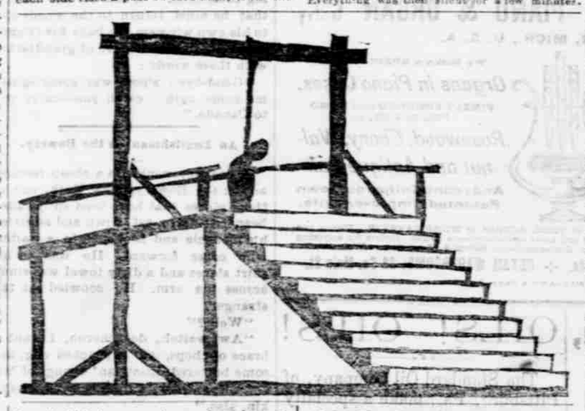
CHARLES CARTER.

Carter and Matthews, both colored laboring men, were enamored with a white girl, Emma Dunn, the inmate of a low dive kept by a colored man, John Henry Roberts, and his white wife. On the night of the murder Carter went to visit the girl at Roberts' house and while there was upbraided by the girl for making some remarks, which had been repeated to her by Matthews, and which Carter denied. While they were quarrelling Matthews and W. H. Cooper entered and Carter at once charged Matthews with lying about him, to which Matthews replied "I guess not," when Carter, who was sitting down rose up and pulling out a revolver fired three shots at Matthews, two of which entered his body, from the effects of which he died the next day. After the shooting Carter fled and was arrested at Harrisburg a couple of weeks after. He was tried at December Court, the trial only occupying part of two days. The following named gentlemen were on the jury: John Snyder, Tobias Blough, Lincoln Roberts, James Benford, W. A. B. Little, John Bickenderfer, Nelson Fearl, John Kopp, J. A. Shoemaker, John Sharp. James Driscoll and Michael Murray.

For some time after the trial Carter did not appear to realize his position and talked about his execution with an air of indifference. But for the past couple of weeks he has been noticeably breaking down and could rest but little, weeping at night and only sleeping when apparently worn out. During the day time he bore up better, the visitors going in and out and the movements of the other prisoners through the jail seeming to divert his mind from his impending doom.

THE SCAFFOLD.

The scaffold for the execution of Carter was built last week by ex Sheriff James Myers and Mr. J. D. Parrish. It is a rough temporary, frame structure, standing on the north side of the jail yard, at the rear end of the prison, facing to the east. It consists of four upright corner posts eight feet high, rising from the ground, and in the center of each side rises a post 16 feet high, from the top of which is a cross-beam of ash 2½ x 10 inches. The floor of the platform is 12 feet by 11 feet 6 inches, with a hole in the center 3 feet 6 inches square, covered by double doors that open downward and which are securely held in position by a sliding bolt which is operated by a lever, fastened to the scaffold. To reach the platform an ascent of twelve steps is necessary, which are on the front or east side. The rope and scaffold was tested on Tuesday by dropping a bag of sand and it was found to work well.



CARTER'S LAST DAY.

On Tuesday morning Carter after awakening, got up, ate his usual breakfast and spent the morning chatting with visitors, who all day thronged the jail, anxious to get a glimpse of the condemned man. The suicide of Fulman, the Hungarian, which occurred a little before noon, in a cell in the upper tier, nearly opposite that of Carter, had a depressing effect on him for a short time, but he recovered and chatted right along with his guards and visitors. He ate a hearty dinner and spent part of the afternoon out in the corridor, where he put on a pair of boxing gloves and had a bout with his guard, George Leighty. Carter, however, is not an adept in the manly art and was no match for his adversary. He soon tired of the fun and cast off the gloves. Since his incarceration he has been an inveterate smoker and after returning to his cell he resumed his cigar, stood at the cell door and kept up a continual talk with his guard and visitors until time for supper when he ate a hearty meal.

HIS LAST NIGHT.

After supper he again sought solace in his cigar and stood smoking at his cell door, occasionally taking a walk through the cell. He appeared nervous and fidgety but seemed to be kept up and cheered by the presence of those around him and if he had any fears of the dread fate that was approaching, he gave no expression to his thoughts. About 2 o'clock he laid down on his bed and slept soundly until about 7:30 o'clock in the morning when he got up and washed and was ready for his breakfast which he appeared to relish and ate with his accustomed nonchalence.

After eating his last breakfast, Carter stood at the door chatting with the guard in his usual manner and on the appearance of Warden Young at the cell door, Carter requested him to assist him in pinning on a small bequet on the lapel of his coat. After the bequet had been fastened he again commenced chatting which he kept up until 10 o'clock when Rev. Mr. Bowman, the Presbyterian minister of the place, who has been Carter's spiritual advisor and who has been untiring in his ministrations to Carters spiritual welfare made his appearance. Shortly before the arrival of Mr Bowman, Carter assisted by one of the other prisoners, sang a religious hymn.

THE END.

At 1:40 Carter accompanied by Rev. Bowman, Sheriff Stineman, Deputy Sheriff Davis, Warden Young and the jury marched out of the corridor to the jail yard, when Carter mounted the scaffold between Sheriff Stineman and Rev. Bowman. On the scaffold Rev. Bowman made a short payer after which Sheriff Stineman asked Carter if he had anything to say. Carter then stepped forward and said: "I am going to meet my father in heaven. I have no ill feeling against any one in this world. I hope to meet you in heaven where my father is."

He stepped back to the center of the scaffold, under the rope, when Sheriff Stineman placed the straps around his legs above his knees and at the ankles, and also placed handcuffs on Carter's hands. He then placed the black cap on his head, shook his hand and at 1:52 pulled the lever, when Carter dropped with a dull thud. He twitched convulsively a few minutes and then was still.

Carter bore the ordeal bravely without a tremor; great drops of perspiration stood out upon his face while standing on the scaffold and he breathed quickly, but there was no trembling or signs of fear. He had nerved himself for the ordeal and stood it out to the last. After he was cut down, his body was placed in a neat coffin in the corridor, where the public were allowed to pass in and out and view the remains.

LIFE OF CHARLES CARTER.

Following is the life of Charles Carter as dictated by him in his cell. Neither corrections nor suggestions were made.

EBENSBURG JAIL, March 24, 1890.

I was born in Chesterfield county, Maryland, March 15th, 1860. My father's name was Jesse Carter and my mother's name was Della Williams before she was married. They were both slaves of Randal Amlet. My father died when I was 7 years old. Mother then married Robert Gibson. She died when I was 9 years old. I stayed with my step father till I was 13 years old. I left my step-father because he did not treat me right. He was an old man who could not help himself, and I was making a living for myself and him too. I was always used up as if I was a dog and could not stand it and left him. I went from home to Richmond—32 miles from my step-father's place. I was here only a short time.

The next place I worked was in Hocking Valley, Ohio. I dug coal here for almost three years. I was in Pittsburg one summer working in the Diamond Steel Works and at the Soho Iron Works. From there I went to Johnstown.

HIS SIDE OF THE STORY.

I had been in Johnstown about three years. The last place I worked was at Kernville for Alex Cadars. On the 6th of November, 1889, I was standing on the corner of Main and Franklin streets. About 5 o'clock John Matthews came from work and passing me asked me to wait for him while he changed his clothes. While I was waiting W. H. Cooper came and asked me to come to David Sanders, where he was boarding and bring my trunk key. He had no key and could not open his trunk. I went down and waited till Matthews was dressed. We then started for Conemaugh Borough. We stopped at the corner of Locust and Franklin streets. Matthews walked into the drug store and bought some cigars. From there we went to the corner of Main and Church streets to John Henry Roberts' house. We found there Joe Jones (Jus Plawden, Ed. Stream, William Mullat, Frank Roberts, John Henry Roberts, Annie Roberts, Emma Dunn, Lizzie McGingal, Louisa Swank, and three children of Annie Roberts.

Up to this time John Matthews and I were very good friends. They wanted me to play cards but I first refused because I did not feel well. They insisted on me playing so I consented and took a hand. Matthews and the three girls were standing behind me while I was playing cards. Louisa Swank took my hat from my head and placed it upon her own. Matthews and Emma Dunn went out of the house upon the porch. What they were doing I don't know, they asked me who were playing cards for the chairs upon which we were sitting, as they wanted them to sit on at supper. Matthews and W. H. Cooper left the house. Louisa Swank and I were sitting on the edge of the bed talking. Emma Dunn turned from the supper table and says to me, "Carter, how comes that you told Matthews a lot of stuff about me?" I replied, "Emma, I have not done any such thing." She said, "He said so." I answered, "It is a lie of his own make." She then began to cry and said "There is a d—d lie out somewhere." I answered "It must be between you and Matthews then." She then cursed me so much that I could not stand it. I told Emma if you do not shut up and stop cursing me you are liable to get hurt." She then shut up. Annie Roberts said "Do not talk any more about this and I will try to settle that when Matthews comes." I replied, "Mrs. Roberts, you had better not say anything to him because he may get mad at you. I am very well acquainted with him and I think I can settle it easier than you can, without any trouble." Everything was then silent for a few minutes. Emma Dunn then came to me and made it up. She said to me, "I hope you will excuse me for I would not have said anything if I had thought it would have made a fuss." I said "That is all right as I do not blame you at all, because if Matthews told you that, you had a right to tell me about it. I hope you will have no hard feelings about it. When Matthews comes I will try and settle it between myself and him without any trouble. I then sat down near the middle of the floor. I heard Matthews and Cooper coming and said to Louisa, "They are coming now." They came into the house, Cooper being first. Cooper passed on through the kitchen, dining room and sitting room, and Matthews stopped in the kitchen with his hat pulled down over his eyes. I raised my head and said to him, "Matthews, how does it come that you told Emma Dunn a lot of stuff that I should have said about her?" He replied, "You be d—d." I said "You be d—d nothing. I would not treat you that way." He said, "If you do not take that back what you get of it." He was then standing with one hand on the clothes line, with his right hand on his hip. I said "You need not get in your rage about it, because I am a match for all as you." All this time Emma Dunn and William Malat were standing up stairs.

Matthews turned his head and looked at her when she came down stairs. He said to me, "I have it in for you anyhow." I thought I was in a short row—a man standing over me talking that way. I was still sitting on the floor, I sprung to my feet and said "It is no better time to get it out than now." He then ran at me as if he was going to tear me up. I then drew my revolver from my pocket, aiming to get it out before he got his hands on me, and got it up even with my breast. He then tried to throw me, but we were too near the wall, and broke the window out. He then gave me a short wheel on to the stove, knocking down the stove pipe, turning the supper over on the stove. A pan of dish water was also turned over. The house became full of smoke. He had my feet against the side of the house, and my body resting on the stove. I felt that it was a pretty warm reception for me. Boiling water was running over the stove and under me. I thought I had better get off there some how. I then pulled my revolver. When the second shot was fired he hollowed, "O, Cooper, he will kill me." Cooper ran in and pulled him off of me and took the revolver away from me. Cooper and Matthews left the house immediately.

After a little while I got over my mad spell and put on my overcoat and hat, and started to find them to see if any one was hurt. I met Cooper at corner of Church street coming back. He said to me, "You have shot Matthews and he had better take your part and make it up." I said, "Cooper, is he hurt bad?" He replied, "I do not know. I think whiskey is taking more effect on him than anything else." I said, "Cooper I do not know what about going away." He said, "You are a fool if you don't go." I then went up to East Conemaugh.

Carter here tells of his escape on Limited Express to Harrisburg, his arrest at the latter place, and other details which the readers of the FREEMAN are familiar with, hence they are omitted.

I was brought to the Ebensburg jail and had my trial during December Court, 1889. I was taken into court for trial without an attorney, having no money, and not having been in court before, I did not know what I ought to do. I was absolutely ignorant of what was required of me, and if I had, I did not have the money or friends to do anything for me. The District Attorney had witnesses against me, who were dissipated people both men and women, some of whom I had never seen before. I can think of but what was right. They would not let me explain as I wanted to on the stand.

I do not think I had a fair chance for my life, for I had neither friends or money. I do not think any jury would have ever found me guilty in the first degree. Because I was a poor colored man they spent no time over me. I acknowledge that I did have the fight with Matthews and did the shooting, but did not have any malice against him before that time, and shot to save myself in the fight. I did it in self defense.

Judge Johnston told me when he gave me the sentence that he believed there was evidence against me that was not true. The District Attorney said to me that "the reason the men swore so hard against me was to keep in with the women."

But the trial is over, and I am condemned to die on the 4th of April, 1890. I shall die without any hard feelings against any man or woman in the world. I have forgiven all in the world for any thing that they may have done against me. I have prayed to God to forgive me for all the sins I have done, and especially for my taking the life of Matthews. I believe He has heard my prayers and has forgiven me for all my sins. I shall die in the peace of God. I have prayed very much to God and believe in Jesus Christ the Savior of my soul. I believe I shall be saved in the hour of my death, for I have joy and gladness in Jesus and have spent many good hours in thinking of God and Jesus when no one knew that I was thinking or praying to Him. He is the Savior who died for me and I have put my trust in Him.

CHARLES CARTER.

FORMER EXECUTIONS.

The first official hanging in Cambria, took place on the 20th April, 1866, and Daniel Buser and John B. Howser, were the victims. The crime for which they were executed was the cold-blooded murder of Polly Paul, an old lady who resided in Croyle township, and Cassie Munday, a young girl who was living with her for the purpose of learning to weave. The crime was committed for the purpose of robbery, it being thought that the old lady had a considerable amount of money about her premises. Two men, John Ream of Jackson township, and David Riddle of Jefferson county, were first arrested and tried but were acquitted, it being conclusively shown by indisputable testimony that they were in other localities at the time the murders were committed. Buser and Howser were afterward arrested and at their trial which took place at December term 1865, were convicted. They were confined in the old jail and hung on the 20th April, 1866, in a temporary enclosure erected for the purpose. About two weeks before the execution Buser attempted to cheat the law by committing suicide by opening a vein in his arm with a piece of tin. He stood up talking to one of his guards at his cell door until he fell over from the weakness caused by the loss of blood, when his condition was discovered and measures taken to prevent its repetition. The two men were executed at the same time on a double scaffold and met their end without flinching. Ex-Sheriff Myers of Ebensburg, was Sheriff at the time Buser and Howser were executed.

Michael Moore was the next; the crime for which he stretched the hemp was the brutal murder of his wife in the woods about one and three-quarter miles south east of Mineral Point. Moore had been separated from his wife for a number of years, the woman leaving him on account of his cruel treatment. She went to Philadelphia where she remained as a housekeeper for a family for nearly twenty years. Moore in after years, without going through the formality of a divorce, gave out that his wife was dead and remarried. Some of his neighbors began talking up the matter of his having two wives living and Moore concluded to get the first woman out of the way. He went to Philadelphia, hunted up his wife and leading her to believe that he was a changed man induced her to return and live with him. On his way back he stopped off at Tyrone, then went to Osceola where he tried to purchase some poison. Not succeeding he and his wife took the train, and on the night of February 29th, 1872, the two got off at Mineral Point, only a short distance from where Moore had his home with his second wife. That was the last seen of the woman alive. The next morning a young man residing on a farm in the neighborhood started out to hunt foxes and found the remains of a murdered woman. Moore was arrested, tried at June Court, 1872, and convicted. He was the first prisoner that entered the new jail, being confined in the old jail at the time of the removal to the new one on the 18th of April, 1872. About a month previous to the execution Sheriff Bonacker suspected Moore was attempting to get out, and on attempting to remove Moore to another cell, he became desperate and seizing a piece of iron pipe that he had broken off from his cell, threatened to kill the first man who would enter. Sheriff Bonacker was compelled to use his revolver, shooting him once in the wrist and thigh, when Moore came to terms and was removed to another cell. On an examination of his cell after his removal it was discovered that he had been working on the wall, using the iron pipe for working out the stone and mortar, and had he been left alone would have made his escape. He done the work at night and during the day time covered up the evidence of his work with his bed. He was executed on the 27th of November, 1872, in the yard of the present jail, the scaffold standing opposite the door that leads from the jail to the yard on the north side.

The fourth and last hanging previous to Carter, was Michael Murray whose execution took place on the 23rd September, 1884, the scaffold occupying the same ground as that upon which Michael Moore was hung.

The crime for which Murray paid the death penalty was the cruel and wanton murder of John Handcuff in the Fall of 1884, in Washington township, on the public road near what is known as Lemmon's old old stone house. Murray was a sort of a crank, done no work and spent his time wandering over the country. A short time before the murder, Murray passed by the farm of Handcuff, when some men who were working in a field digging potatoes shouted some bantering remarks to him. Handcuff was not present but Murray, on meeting him on the road a few days after, charged him with it and shot him dead. Murray was tried at June Court, 1884, convicted, and hung on the 23rd of September, following. Ex-Sheriff D. A Luther, of Carroll township, was sheriff at the time of his execution.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the balance in the hands of Thomas D. Evans, one of the executors of David E. Evans, (Weaver) deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place those interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
April 4, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Dr. W. A. Barnett, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all parties interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS,
Ebensburg, Pa., April 7, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF GEPHART BENDER, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Gephart Bender, late of Lilly Borough, Cambria county, Penna., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY BENDER,
Administratrix of Gephart Bender, dec'd.
Lilly, Pa., April 10, 1890.-6t.

A PICNIC for YOU

—AT—

GUS. :-: SIMON'S STORE

—IN—

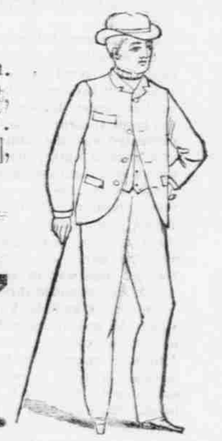
BOOTS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING.

We have Five Hundred Boys' Suits at One Dollar and Forty-Nine Cents ($1.49) each. These Suits are for Youths ranging in age from 4 to 14 years. Come early and get one.

As we are only able in this space to name a few of the many bargains we offer our patrons, you will have to come to our Store if you wish to ascertain the nature of the many other bargains which we have to offer you. Our space is insufficient to give them. We have have the Finest Stock of Boots and Shoes in the county.

A FEW PRICES.

Men's Dress Suits, $7.98. Boys' Suits, $2.50 each. Our Leader Shoe, $1.24. Our genuine Calf Dress Boot, $2.48. Ladies' Spring Heel, $2.48. Opera Toe, $1.47. Our Leader Fine Dress Shoe, [Lace, Button or Congress], $1.74. "Common Sense," $1.98.



Cus. - Simon's - Store,

ONLY BARGAIN STORE IN CAMBRIA CO.,

Gallitzin, - - - Penn'a.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH THE Supervisors of Blacklick Township, for the year ending, March 10, 1890.

JAMES E. ROWLAND, Supervisor.

Dr.	
To amount of work duplicate	$ 296 37
To amount order on Commissioners	21 00
	$ 317 37

Cr.	
By amount of work done on roads	$ 284 15
By amount tax returned to Commissioners	2 25
By amount exonerations	58
By amount transferred to Jas. E. Rowland	10 85
By services rendered as supervisor	45 00
	$ 342 83
Balance due James E. Rowland	$ 24 94

JOHN BLICKENDERFER, Supervisor.

Dr.	
To amount of work duplicate	$ 295 28
To amount order on Commissioners	68 14
	$ 363 42

Cr.	
By amount work done on roads	$ 290 89
By amount orders redeemed	70 33
By amount orders paid A. V. Bark, 2	2 00
By amount order redeemed	1 00
By amount return tax to Commissioners	11 60
By amount exonerations	2 50
By amount printing bill	8 00
By amount duplicate	1 00
By services rendered as supervisor	54 00
	$ 380 22
Balance due John Blickenderfer	$ 16 80

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders (cash)	$ 65 49
Outstanding orders (work)	9 74
Amount due from Commissioners	$ 75 23
	$ 72 10

ELLSWORTH ROWLAND,
JOHN RIPPS,
PETER WAGNER,
Auditors.

Attest: HENRY FOLCKEMER, Clerk.
March 21, 1890.-4t.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH THE Supervisors of Chest Township, ending March 1, 1890.

JOSEPH P. SWOPE, Supervisor.

Dr.	
To amount of duplicate	$ 295 15
To transfer of taxes from 1888	31 02
To amount received from County Commissioners from unseated lands	187 44
To amount received from licenses for 1888	35 62
To amount received from licenses for 1889	106 87
To amount received from condemned plank sold	1 00
	$ 567 10

Cr.	
By amount of work done by taxables	$ 338 08
By amount paid for dynamite and powder	15 00
By amount paid for 3,913 feet of plank	27 39
By amount paid for two plow points	1 00
By amount paid for one stone hammer	65
By amount blacksmithing for bridge	23 73
By amount paid for timber for bridge	22 53
By amount paid for one steel road plow	21 50
By amount paid for road view and order	13 12
By amount of bonds returned	5 00
By amount of exonerations	85
By personal services 54 days at $1.10 per day	51 60
By two trips to Ebensburg	6 00
By one day at settlement	1 50
By order returned	4 00
	$ 567 10

JOHN LONG, Supervisor.

Dr.	
To amount of duplicate	$ 252 69
To amount received from J. Warner, former supervisor	177 25
To amount of transfer of taxes from 1888	10 80
To amount of order to balance accounts	97 85
	$ 538 60

Cr.	
By amount of work done by taxables	$ 291 85
By amount paid note and interest	104 50
By amount paid J. G. Gill, for blacksmithing	1 12
By amount paid for work done on roads	8 00
By amount paid for one plow point	50
By amount paid J. Warner for plank	88
By amount paid for dynamite	62 39
By amount paid for finger boards for roads	1 50
By amount paid for landside	1 00
By amount personal services 28 days at $1.50 per day	57 00
By amount paid J. Kutruff and N. Shuss, for plank	9 75
	$ 538 60

LIABILITIES.

Amount due John Long	$ 97 85
Amount due auditors and clerk	9 90
Amount due T. R. Scanlan for professional services	10 00
	$ 117 75

We undersigned auditors of Chest township do certify that the foregoing statement is correct.

JOHN NEDINGER,
JOHN G. GILL,
Auditors.

Attest: JOSEPH H. HITES, Clerk.
March 21, 1890.-3t.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

Wait - For - Us!

Within the NEXT Two OR THREE WEEKS you will have the same opportunity of purchasing your Clothing at home as you would have by coming to Johnstown.

Our Entire Stock

will be represented and no efforts will be spared to please and satisfy our many friends (excepting those living in the large stone house). Wait for us. We will show you Better Goods and at Lower Prices than ever before.

L. M. WOOLF & SON,

Johnstown's Greatest Clothiers & Shoe Dealers.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872. Johnston, Buck & Co. BANKERS. Ebensburg, Penn'a. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888. Carrolltown Bank, Carrolltown, Pa. T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accommodation will be extended. All persons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the balance in the hands of Thomas D. Evans, administrator of Evan B. Evans, deceased, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at the Arbitration Room in the Court House, in Ebensburg, Pa., on THURSDAY, the 1st day of MAY, A. D., 1890, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper or be debarred from participating therein.

L. G. KERR,
March 28, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased the property of John A. Burgoon, real and personal. All persons are hereby notified not to meddle or interfere with the same.

MRS. KATHERINE BURGOON.
Asnville, Pa., March 3, 1890.

JOHN A. BLAIR. JOHN T. BLAIR.

BLAIR & SON'S DAILY MEAT MARKET,

Centre Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also, Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Charles Washabaugh

A War Veteran She.

A recent Columbus dispatch stated that application had been made to the Adjutant General for the discharge papers of John R. Summer, 123d Ohio Infantry. The Adjutant General has thus far been unable to find the desired papers, and it may be that some mistake was made in giving or recording the names. The fact is beyond dispute that a person answering to that description performed useful and vailant service during the war, and the person so described is Mrs. J. C. Bailey. For a quarter of a century she has concealed the facts, and is only moved to reveal them now by failing health, and the urgency of the pension she is endeavoring to get with the aid of prominent Grand Army men. Mrs. Bailey's story is as follows:

At the breaking out of the war she was visiting friends at Sheffield, England, and started for her home at Richmond, Va., on hearing of the trouble. She was the owner of considerable property, and when she reached home found her two brothers taking care of it as best they could under the circumstances. Mrs. Bailey was then 25 years of age, and her brothers were younger.

The family were loyal, and the brothers joined the Union army. Mrs. Bailey sold her property, and, taking with her several slaves managed to get through the lines and reached Washton. In February, 1862, she took the oath of allegiance and entered the hospital service, her liberated slaves finding their way to this city. Both of her brothers were killed at the battle of Fairfax Court House. She secured their bodies and had them interred at Wheeling, W. Va.

Then she put on men's clothing and enlisted. She was wounded and her identity discovered in the hospital, and as soon as her wound was healed she was made to quit the service. Determined to stay in the army, she married a soldier and enlisted in his regiment and went into the hospital service. Every chance she got she donned men's clothes and went out with scouting parties.

She was wounded in the head on one of the expeditions, and her identity was again discovered by the surgeon, who reported it to General Sheridan. He issued an order for her to remain with the hospital corps. She could not rest contented with the humdrum existence of a hospital nurse, however, and was soon a scout near the enemy's lines.

She went once too often, and was taken prisoner by the rebels and sent to Libby prison, where she was kept for three months and eight days. Phil Sheridan gave three men in exchange for her. She was in several engagements and wounded three times.

She finally went back to Washington where she was discharged from Company I, Cole's Cavalry, under the name of John R. Summer. She found her family dead, and her money gone, and so she came to Cleveland with her husband. She had been in the city but a short time when her husband was killed in an explosion at the powder mills. The shock caused her to become insane for a time, and she was treated at the asylum. After her recovery she lived some years in the family of an East Cleveland physician; but her health is now completely broken down, and she has no certain means of support.

Having no claim for a pension under the general pension laws, she kept her discharge papers for a few years and then destroyed them, as they had become almost illegible through age, and now seeks to have them duplicated.

A Good Investment.

Some winters ago a woman was coming out from a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little urchin sprung to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him,

"Why, that lady said thank ye, to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation the lady turned and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a lady who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while, though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said.

"Pardon me, madame, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that the simple "Thank you" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns most satisfactory.

Manners of Men.

The man who has shown his capability of taking care of himself never lacks for others to take care of.

If a man controls his wrath with the first offender, his temper gets that much the better of him with the second.

About the only pleasure some men take in knowing a thing is laughing at the ignorance of the man who does not know it.

At one time in a man's life he is too young to know what he says, and at another he is too old to say what he knows.

Take conceit away from the average man, and there is nothing left of him except capacity to chew victuals and digest them.

The man who has little to do is always the most popular. The man who is rushed and busy gets cross and cranky, and is disliked more than if he were an idle man and had time to devote to others.

A FINE PIECE OF

CHEWING TOBACCO

IS INDEED A LUXURY

FINZER'S

Old Honesty

COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT

AND IS KNOWN AS A

Standard Brand

AMONG DEALERS

THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

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PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

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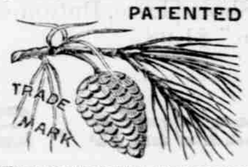

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

Poor, Foolish Men.

TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH. PHILADELPHIA.

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A Slick Article.

If I live to be one thousand years old I shall never forget how a stranger took five of us in one day at Syracuse, N. Y., in a manner so slick that he walked off with our cash before we had a suspicion, says a New York writer. It was a rainy, dismal afternoon, and a dozen—agents, drummers, drovers, and others—were sitting about the office. Some one read a newspaper clipping about a bigamist who had seven wives, and pretty soon each one had an opinion to advance. Finally a well dressed, good-looking man ventured the observation:

"I myself could have married a dozen women on a hour's notice. It's all in the first impression created."

Some agreed and some differed, and the discussion began to assume a more vigorous tone. By and by the same man again observed:

"You may think me conceited, gentlemen, but I'm only telling you what I know I can do. I've always had extraordinary luck with women. I'll venture to say that I can go down to the depot, pick out the best looking woman in the waiting room, and if not already married, that I can take her to the parson's inside of an hour."

There was a grand laugh at this, but he looked serious as he continued:

"Perhaps this crowd has some money to lose on that? If so, let us talk business."

After a bit we came to an understanding. Five of us were to chip in $100 each against $500 of his money. We were to go to the New York Central depot and select a female, and if she proved to be unmarried he was to persuade her into marriage inside of one hour or forfeit his money. We could have raised $1 000 as well as half that amount, but he could not cover it.

Nine of us went to the depot. Among the waiting passengers were seventeen females, but on looking them over our choice was limited to three. We finally selected a woman we believed to be a widow. She was fairly handsome, well-dressed, and had two parcels on the seat beside her. We got seats near by and then our masher approached. He asked what train she was going out on, spoke about the weather, and to our surprise, was not rebuffed. Within ten minutes he had asked her if she was a widow; she had scarcely answered in the affirmative when he began to plead his case. It was only forty minutes by the watch when he came over to us and said:

"Gentlemen, I'd like two or three of you to accompany that lady and myself to the parson's as witnesses to our marriage."

We went and they were duly married and the stakes passed over. The lady acted as coy and shy and embarrassed as you please, and confessed that it was a case of love at first sight. They took a train two hours later, and when they were fairly off we learned that he was a horseman from Chicago and that the woman had been his lawful wife for the past fifteen years.

Brave Self-Sacrifice.

The following is an incident that occurred in Burnamuck, in the glen of Inmate, Ireland, in the memorable year of '98. Captain Michael Dawyer and nine men, being fatigued and nearly exhausted with incessant watching and the extreme cold, stopped one night at the close of winter to take some rest. They were divided into two parties, six in one house and four in the other. They all retired to rest early in the night, and had not long done so when an informer hastened to Hacketstown and gave information about the party. A large number of Glengary Fencibles, commanded by Col. McDonald, hastened to Burnamuck. They reached the place at the dawn of the day, and proceeding to the house of the six men, knocked at the door, and summoned the inmates to surrender, which they did.

Captain Dawyer and his companions, who were in the other house, knew nothing of the presence of enemies all this time. They were shortly apprised of it by a very loud knocking at the door of their house. He and his men jumped up and found the house surrounded. Corporal Dugal Cameron fired into the window and broke Samuel McAllister's arm, who was standing beside Dawyer. John Savage, one of the men in the now burning house, fired and shot Cameron through the heart. They continued to resist until their ammunition was nearly expended and the fire had reached the roof of the room in which they were, and the heat was so excessive that some tubs of butter melted and ran over the floor. At length McAllister, turning to Dawyer, said:

"Captain, dear, you see that I am rendered useless and can fight no longer, as my arm is shattered, and I would wish to prove to you even in death my sincere affection for you. I think it best to open the door, and on the instant Savage and I will present ourselves at it, when we are sure to receive the volley of the Highlanders and fall, but you might perchance escape by rushing out through the midst of them, and being concealed by the smoke and falling snow, be able to gain the glen in safety."

As Dawyer saw no alternative but to be burnt alive or submit to the enemy he agreed to the proposal of McAllister, and having tenderly embraced each other, McAlliseer and Savage advanced to the door, dashed it open and ran out, and were instantly shot down. In the twinkling of an eye Dawyer bounded out through the midst of the soldiers, leaped a small fence that surrounded the farmyard, and ran along by the barn door. In passing a small frozen stream he slipped and fell on his face. As he did so a volley of bullets passed over his head. He was soon up again, and running like a deer, made good his escape.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sboloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

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A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. | *Any Color* FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

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A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

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DO IT NOW

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

Paine's Celery Compound

combines true nerve tonic and strengthing qualities, reviving the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."

HOSMER S. STRANGE, Felchville, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

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Purifies by Aeration.

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 60 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 30 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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We Make a SPECIALTY of *Organs in Piano Cases,* FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in *Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak*

And containing our own Patented Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence Solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

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That can be

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Cheaper than Wood.

The above cut shows Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a netting.) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We also Manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

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Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

An Indian Story.

My father could have told this story better than I—for it was his father who took those pleasant walks to Canada which are mentioned below. He went three times during the Revolutionary war—led captive by the Indians. This time he and a neighbor of his were threshing in his barn when the loud and continued barking of a dog excited their suspicions that the redskins were near. They took their rifles and went out to reconnoitre. They looked carefully in all directions, behind trees, up into trees, under the barn, everywhere they supposed a savage could crowd himself, but no signs of one were to be seen.

Hardly, however, had the two men returned to their labor, when to their astonishment and horror, their dusky foemen crowded in at the broad open doors of the barn, and announced to them that they were taken captive. Grandfather's neighbor, dropping his flail, sprang for his gun, but before he could lay a hand on it he was shot dead. Seeing the fate of his companion, my grandfather flung his flail about his head and brought it down with deadly force on the skull of the Indian who had shot him. The savage fell a corpse to the floor. Instantly the avenger was seized from behind and jerked to his knees, while the yells of the infuriated red men filled the barn. A tall savage had the white man by the hair and was brandishing his gleaming knife above him, when a commanding voice uttered, "No kill him!" Grandfather thought he knew the voice, nor was he mistaken. Before him stood the chief Sasanos, the very Indian who twice before had marched with him into Canada.

"You will go with me!" spoke up Sasanos.

"Very well," said grandfather, not particularly sorry to save his life.

The long march was accomplished; and my grandfather remained a prisoner until the peace was concluded. When the exchange of prisoners took place he was set at liberty. As he walked out one day, before he had started for his home, whom should he meet in the street but the identical savage who had three times taken him prisoner, and three times received for him the bounty money.

"The old redskin seemed delighted at the meeting, and the two men heartily shook hands.

"You want to go home?"

"Yes, that's what I do," was the reply.

"Me take you safe," said Sasanos, and he was faithful to his word. In due time grandfather saw his home once more, and in the general joy at his safe return the Indian partook. He was made fully welcome, and remained a week or more in the family, very happy in the company of his old traveling companion. When at last he felt that he must return to the woods and to his own wigwam, he bade his friends farewell, and took leave of grandfather with these words:

"Good-bye; s'pose war come again—me come again; catch you—carry you to Canada."

An Englishman on the Bowery.

A cockney went into a cheap restaurant on the Bowery, New York, one of those places that have been aptly called beaneries. He sat down and adjusted his monocle and beckoned to a waiter, who came forward. He was in his shirt sleeves and a dirty towel was slung across his arm. He scowled at the stranger.

"Well?"

"Aw, waitah, dontcherno, I want a brace of chops, an' a poached egg, an' some buttered toast, an' a mug of 'alf an' 'alf, an', aw, waitah. I want a napkin, also."

The man with the dirty towel over his arm moved back a step or two, put his hand to his mouth, and yelled to the cook in the kitchen:

"Soy, Chimmie, tell der band to play "God Save der Queen; der Prince of Wales is come."

Paper Pillows.

All England is crazy on the subject of paper pillows. You tear the paper into very small pieces, not bigger than your finger nail, and then put them into a pillow sack of drilling or light ticking; They are verp cool for hot climates and much superior to feather pillows. The newspapers are printing appeals for them for hospitals. News paper is not nice for use, as there is a disagreeable odor from printer's ink, but brown or white paper and old envelopes are the best. As you tear them stuff them into an old pillow case, and you can see when you get enough. The easiest way is to tear or cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide and then tear or cut across. The finer it is the lighter it makes the pillows.

Household Hints.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake the lighter the cake will be.

A small piece of sulphur placed in the cuboard or drawer will drive away ants.

The flesh of fish should be firm, the gills should be light red and the scales silvery.

In making a mustard plaster for a patient with a delicate skin use white of egg instead of water.

Hard soap lasts much longer if dried for several weeks before using it. It is also less hurtful to the skin.

Wash mirrors in warm suds, then dust with whiting from a muslin bag and polish with chamois skin.

When eggs are scarce cornstarch is a good substitute, one tablespoon of the starch is equal to one egg.

Brooms dipped for a few minutes in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise would.

Rub your lamp chimneys after washing with dry salt, and you will be surprised at the new brilliancy of your lights.

A farmer in Palmer township, Pa., was told by a "powwow" doctor that if he would go to his barn at midnight and make a racket with the flail and threshing machine it would scare all the rats out of the place. He made the racket, and alarmed the neighbors who turned out to ascertain the cause of the noise. The rats are still there.

If You Have

No appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down," loosing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

the remedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from mental or physical overwork will find relief from them. Nicely sugar coated.

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For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely certain, NEW TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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It will clean Metals with less labor than any preparation ever produced, giving a brilliant lustre which cannot be equaled, and which will last longer than any polish obtained by other means. Sold by the

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer.

Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of:

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MANUFACTURER OF

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Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacture to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

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Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.

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Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife; book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BOHM, No. 165 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

A Railroad Story.

"No, we don't bounce tramps who ride on the bumpers of our fast train," said a freight conductor who has run to the West. "I presume we carry an average of a dozen on a trip, but if they remain between cars we pretend not to see them.

"But it is against orders," was suggested.

"Oh, yes, but there is a higher law than general orders, even for a railroad man. Five or six years ago I used to be hard on the railroad tramp. I would have the train looked over at every station, and if we caught a chap he got badly and pretty lively. Nowadays I throw out a hint to the brakemen to shut their eyes, and, if the tramp don't prove too much on my good nature, he will disturb him."

"What happened to change your mind?"

"Oh a little incident of no interest to the public, but a great deal to me. I was married in December three years ago. On the third night I got up in order to run out with an extra. It was a cold rain, which froze as it fell, and one of my crew got hurt at our first stop. This left us short-handed, and as we could not supply his place we had to act for him. We were in the mountains, running strong time, when the engineer whistled for brakes for a grade. I climbed on the caboose with the brakemen, who had set two brakes and was after the third when a lurch of the cars threw me down, and I fell between two of them. I had just one glimpse of my red-cheecked bride at home, just a swift thought of her in widow's weeds, and her heart breaking, when a brakeman grabbed me. I was going down to first, but the strong clutch turned me over and my feet struck the bumper. I'd have gone then only some one of my hands on the ladder. Some one reached around me from behind to help me there, and said;

"'You are all right, old man. Your nerve will come back pretty soon.'

"And it was a tramp, eh?"

"It was, and he held me there until the train reached the stop, and then helped me down, for the sudden shock had taken all my strength and I fell away. But for him I should have been ground up under the wheels. That is the reason I keep a soft spot in my heart for the genus tramp and always when I sometimes walk the length of the train and find every bumper occupied, I look skyward and pray not to see as much as an old fur cap."

The Lion Tamer's Secret.

The boldest individuals, who put their heads two or three times a day into the lion's mouth, have told us that the best way to withdraw it is to the gulf is, first of all, not to open acquaintanceship with this experiment and, secondly, to perform it with great nerve. Nerve, that is the secret of the lion tamer, the secret of his authority over beasts. We has studied a subject for some endeavoring to master its character and among the higher animals character is very individual, very concentuated—one morning the master walks into the cage. He must astonish the beast and overawe him at once. As to the training, it consists and here I quote the words of an expert in such matters in command the lion to perform the exercises to please him; that is to say, to make him execute from fear of the whip those leaps which he would not take in his wild state.

There is one fact which no one would suspect—that it is easier to train an adult lion taken in a snare than an animal born in a managerie. The cub of the booth is in the same position as sporting dogs which play much with children; they are soon spoiled for work. Pezon possesses five or six lions which he has brought up by hand, and a rule they live with the staff of the managerie on terms of perfect familiarity, but this frequently leads to serious accidents. Lions, even lions in a menagerie, will devour a man in fine style. We may say that the fear of such an accident is never sufficiently strong to make us pause on the threshold of a menagerie. No, I cherish, and like me, you should cherish, the hope that some day or perhaps we may see a lion tamer devoured. This contingency sometimes occurs in fact more often than is usually supposed. For instance, without leaving the menagerie, it is not a year since the proprietor narrowly escaped being devoured by his bear Groom. A few days ons-sur-Marne. He would have perished if his son Adrian Pezon had not thrown himself, sabre in hand, between the two combatants and killed the bear on the spot.

She Parsed It.

A Nebraska paper narrates the following educational incident: A High School Class A, being told by her teacher to parse the sentence "He kissed her," consented reluctantly, because she objected to speaking of private affairs in public.

"He," she commenced, with the necessary emphasis and a fond look, "is a noun of the masculine gender, singular number, third person, and refers to some one standing over the word that brought a blush to her cheeks, "is a pronoun of the third person, singular number, masculine gender; a gentleman and well fixed; universally considered a good catch. Kissed is a verb transitive—too much so; regular—every thing; indicative mood—indicating affection; first and third person, singular number, and governed by circumstances. Me—oh, everybody knows me," and down she went.

To him nothing is possible who always dreaming of his past positions.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The first perhaps of the sure approach of that terrible disease, Consumption. Assure yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Sboloh's Cure will Cure your Cough, never fails. This explains why we sell a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. Lame Back, Side or Chest use Sboloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.